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LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

A STORY OF THE NEW JERSEY COAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY CONFESSION," "ZILLAH, THE CHILD-MEDIUM," ETC.

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CHAPTER X.

It was in the summer.

The wild spring, fruitful source of shipwreck and disaster, had fled from Lighthouse Island.

Philip Ahrenfeldt was gone, gone to return again some near happy day, and take with him from Lighthouse Island, Ruth Hallowell as his wife.

Ah, how different was the life this young girl now led to the old one! How crowding, how bewildering, how mystical, yet how real! Richer blooms gathered on her cheeks, deep joys vibrated in her heart; her eyes were shaded by a softer film of hope and thoughtfulness, and to all she seemed more beautiful than before. But it was merely because the dross, the impurity, the monotony of living had fallen from her, and she existed now for higher things, things which had aim and purpose, that her soul accepted thankfully.

Then, too, Sonora was come! Sonora, blithe, cheerful Sonora, whose mind cast off grief as carelessly as a flower rejects a dew-drop on its drooping leaves. Sonora, whose innocent gaiety averted from that bereaved household the despair it must otherwise have felt.

One child was gone, and another come!

Yes! summer and Sonora Hallowell brought peace to that cheerless lighthouse.

Never was vaster difference between two sisters than between these. Ruth, tall, lithe of figure, and almost dramatic in the severe beauty of her countenance. Sonora, of far less height, fair, blue eyed, and perfectly radiant with mirth and good-humor. In looking at her, one thought not if her face were pretty, though it was undeniably so, but rejoiced, basked, as it were, in the sunshine emanating from it.

Sonora had the head of a Hebe, Ruth that of a Nemesis.

Very strange was it to see the perfect contentment of Sonora on her return to her old home. Without a murmur, a complaint, she resumed the painful drudgery, the trying labor, from which seven years before she had been so anxious, so glad to escape. In Ruth's eyes there was evidently some great mystery at the foundation of all this. But what it was, she could not even conjecture, and she was far too proud to ask for a confidence that should have been tendered voluntarily. In all other things were they sisters. But as regards this, there rose between them a cloud of separation, which neither strove to penetrate, a cloud, faint, misty and illusive, but which existed nevertheless. No one, save her parents, knew the actual reason for Sonora's return.

From the first, Ruth Hallowell loved this sister. Who could well have done otherwise? They were constantly together. Their tasks and duties were shared always, and they were not long in discovering that companionship lightened labor. Even when, night and morning, Ruth went down to the pasture field, behind the lighthouse, with her cedar pail swinging on her arm, to milk the two poor, ill fed cows, Sonora trudged along at her side, beguiling the way with gay, cheerful conversation. Nay, nothing would do but she herself must learn to milk, and Ruth at such times would stand by, demurely watching the operation of those slim white fingers, laughing to see how frequently the grass received the snowy flood intended for the pail. In all domestic affairs too, Sonora claimed her portion, and her stern, fretful mother could not but acknowledge that what she did was well done. Nothing daunted Sonora's good humor, not a cloud was ever observed on her face. If she had had sorrow, none could read it in her actions. Once, when she first came to the island, Ruth had observed that something annoyed her sister, and on being questioned she candidly acknowledged that it was the great disparity in their attire. Indeed the contrast between them was great,—Ruth with her plain, inelegantly fashioned cotton garments, and necessarily going for the greater part of the time with bared feet, Sonora in her comfortable, city attire, well ordered, and in all respects costly! Peace reigned again when Ruth consented, unwillingly, it is true, to accept some part of Sonora's more extensive wardrobe, and fit and appropriate it to her own totally dissimilar figure.

Notwithstanding her affection for this newly found sister, Ruth could not but confess to herself that she was bitterly disappointed. There was lacking in Sonora that depth of character, that refinement of intellect which she had always conjectured and hoped she would possess. Then, too, she did not love books, and when in the long summer evenings the two repaired, as had always been Ruth's wont, to Father Lee's room, to listen to his reading of some old legendary poetry, or to the improvisation of simplified lectures on the times, Sonora dropped invariably into a sweet, quiet slumber, and unconsciously nodded her pretty head at all the pauses the good priest made. When she would awake, and say innocently that she had "such a pleasant dream," Father Lee and Ruth could find it in their hearts to reprove, but, treating her like a petted child, would smile in

FATHER LEE TELLING THE STORY OF THE PICTURE.

So Ruth, as she had always been, was alone. Alone with her own soul. What spiritual companionship could there be between them? None! She knew and deplored it.

One night, just as twilight was closing, the sisters went as usual to the priest's little room. It had been a burning, feverish day, and the fresh sea-breeze that poured in at the open windows came like a refreshing balm to all three, lifting the hair gently from the hot forehead, and cooling its throbbing into stiller pulsations. The sun was just sinking. The flood of departing crimson made fire of the opening ocean beyond, as it tossed and heaved restlessly. On the walls of the humble room it cast a hazy, dreamy splendor, that dazzled the eyes to behold.

"What a sunset!" said Ruth softly. See, Sonora, how still the water is;—not a petrel skims over it to-day to prophesy evil. There is the moon, too, just rising. We shall have a splendid night."

Sonora came and leaned lovingly over her shoulder.

"Idler!" she said, "forever gazing at sunsets and stars; that is, when there are any to look at!"

Ruth smiled in a faint, abstracted way, but did not remove her eyes from the sea. Presently Sonora burst into light, gleeful laughter. Ruth looked around inquiringly.

"It's nothing, Ruthie! Don't put on that awful aspect of dignity, I entreat. I was simply thinking of one of the funny things which you and I did when we were children, what a pity it is so long ago,—ha, ha! why, sister, we are absolutely getting old."

"Very," said Ruth, smilingly regarding the young speaker, "we are quite ancient damsels. Tell me what you were laughing at."

"A trifle. Do you see that child, Barnes's little Nell, trotting along with that old brown, willow basket? It brought to my mind the picture of you and me carrying just such a one filled with apples years ago to Mrs. White over in Jersey. Don't you remember? Don't you remember how determined you were to make an impression on the old lady, and so divided between us your pair of red woollen mittens, each of us keeping a bare hand concealed under our shawls?"

Ruth laughed outright.

"Yes," continued Sonora, "and I recollect now the nice little woman offered us some doughnuts to eat, which, in our hyper-gentility, we declined touching, although I am sure I, for my part, could have devoured a dozen on the spot. Good gracious! where *have* I seen that face!"

Her eyes had wandered gradually,—attracted by a brilliant reflection from the sky, to the space above the mantle-shelf, on which, unconcealed by the flowing drapery of the flags surrounding it, hung the crayon head of a woman, which has before been described. Sonora had never observed this sketch. But now, something in the warm light which fell upon it, giving it almost the hue and animation of life, something in the chance of her own point of view, developed an indefinable likeness to features which she was sure she knew well, although the similarity was not sufficiently striking to create instantaneous recognition. Who could it be? she asked again and again, and each time was fain to acknowledge herself unenlightened. The pride, the lustre of those large, piercing eyes were as familiar as things beheld yesterday, and the white forehead and the full lips seemed of themselves to call for the greeting of old acquaintances.

"Who *is* it, Father Lee?" she asked, in her wilful, childish way, that told of curiosity that would not be evaded. But, from among his books and papers, at a table a little way removed from the two girls, Father Lee looked up, shook his head, and smiled.

"Ruth, you tell me—he will not."

"I do not know, my dear."

"You have never heard?"

"No."

"Then it is one of his bachelor secrets," cried the lively creature, "and I *will* find it out. Was she pretty, father?"

"You have her before your eyes, my child, judge for yourself."

"No, no, I mean was she pretty when she was *young*?"

"Yes."

"Then you knew her?"

"Certainly, Mistress Inquisitor."

"And you liked her—now confess—you liked her, did you not?"

"Very much."

"And she liked you?"

"I don't know—I suppose so—yes."

"How common-place! You suppose so! Do tell us all about her."

Father Lee laughed as he told Sonora the recital would but serve to put her to sleep. But she persisted.

"Do," she said, "leave these musty old poems that you are going to read, and tell us this *live* love-story, something that will give us pleasant dreams to-night—dreams to Ruth and me."

"Ah, my girls," said Father Lee, half smiling, half sadly, "that is what it never gave me. But come, I am not unwilling to say a few words of myself. I am old now. I want the sympathy of young hearts like yours. It is not good to keep one's youth locked up forever in one's breast, as though it were some hideous thing too dreadful to recall."

"Come, Ruth," cried Sonora, "come—actually, he is going to tell us of this mysterious lady."

So Ruth leaning on the window sill, and gazing into the evening sky, with Sonora's bright head in her lap, heard Father Lee commence thus:

"Children," he said, "I have heard it stated that no man dares to write his own biography; that is, to write it truly, and without suppression—to state life as he has found it, and not as others believed him to have found it by his daily outward revelations. This is all very true. For most men have an inner, secret history which they cannot reveal, and live afterwards in peace of mind. Mine has not been, however, of this intense class, although I have never yet essayed its recital. I was born, my dears, a great distance from here, in England. Your father's father and I were, as you know, brothers, although I am younger than either of them. We were a poor and obscure family, but I formed the ambitious plan, very early in life, of educating myself, and becoming something more to my fellow men, than my position would have seemed to warrant. Accordingly I devoured whatever books fell into my possession, good, bad and indifferent, and as a natural consequence my imagination became so inflated, so diseased, that for the time I lost all healthiness of ambition. I strove only to attain that distinction which is at all periods and in all countries a dubious one. I aspired to become an actor. And an actor, my children, I became, and I am afraid a very bad one, too. The characters I undertook to represent were by no means of a high order, nor do I remember at any time creating any excessive enthusiasm among my audiences. My income, however, was more than sufficient for all my wants, for my habits were simple, and I had sufficient strength of mind to resist the allurements, the vicious temptations incident to my profession. My memory was quick and retentive, therefore I had ample time to study other things than the mere *role* I assumed nightly. I engaged masters for myself in various branches of education, and really made enough progress to encourage me to proceed. Until my twenty-second or third year I led this careless, vagabond sort of life. Then it was an incident occurred which changed the whole aspect of my life."

"Ah!" cried Sonora, "now it is coming—now for it!"

"The fire-woman of an American metropolitan theatre to which I was for some time attached, one day requested permission of the manager to bring to rehearsal a child of hers, a girl, whom she offered to him as a candidate for a petty, obscure character, which place was then vacant, in a play which was soon to be produced. The manager gave consent, and accordingly the little creature was brought to the theatre for inspection. I was there at the time, and I remember well the impression the child's timid, enfolded beauty created, both on manager and actors. She was not more than twelve or fourteen years of age, yet was of a graceful figure, that had a strange, womanly look for one so young. Her name was Sara Taylor. The agreeability of her appearance operated greatly in her favor, and she left the theatre, engaged for the remainder of the season, to fulfil similar parts to the one in which she was to make her first appearance. This engagement was of very little importance either in itself or its remuneration, but it was well enough for the pretty creature's first season, and she and the fire-woman, her mother, were highly delighted with it.

"From the very beginning I felt attached to the little girl. Behind the scenes if I could but get standing room near her, I was well contented. As if by instinct I followed wherever she went, and by this means in many instances I protected her from the coarse jests of her fellow actors and actresses. Before the season was entirely over both the girl and her mother received and acknowledged me as their friend, and as such I used to visit them quite frequently in their little attic room in John street. Many and many a quiet cup of tea have I taken with the Widow Taylor and her daughter Sara."

"This child was then the original of this sketch?" asked Sonora, with an air of deep interest, and still eyeing the picture on the wall.

"You. Ah, I see you have guessed its identity with one of your friends."

"I am right, then?" she cried, drawing a deep breath.

"Again, yes. I meant you to know. Tell Ruth—tell her the present name of this little actress."

Sonora's cheek glowed as she said in a low voice,

"Mrs. Ahrenfeldt."

Ruth was greatly amazed. She looked in bewilderment from one to the other of her companions.

"Mrs. Ahrenfeldt!" she repeated, "how can that be? I have always understood the Ahrenfeldts to be so proud of their high descent and great wealth."

"And so they are," said Father Lee, quietly.

"Indeed, indeed they are proud," cried Sonora, warmly, "oh, Father Lee, it is almost impossible to tell you what I have suffered in that family! But go on—go on. When you have finished I will tell you all."

Father Lee smiled.

"My child, I will keep you to your word. Remember that. I will not conceal from you that I have guessed something of your sojourn among the Ahrenfeldts, more perhaps than you think."

The young girl colored deeply as the old man proceeded:

"A year or two made a vast difference in the appearance of Sara Taylor. She became, what long before she had promised to be, a beautiful woman. She was the very loveliest being I ever beheld. Singular enough she did not rise in her profession, and the little progress I made myself soon went far beyond her own. Her want of success was rather, I think, the result of a combination of adverse circumstances, than that of a want of merit. For she had genius. Encouraged by the superiority of my situation to Sara's, (at least so far as money went,) I ventured to ask her, one day when we were out walking together, to marry me. Strange, that in repeating this, I am not touched with the shadow of a regret for things past and gone. Sara had many admirers—but that was nothing either to her or me. We engaged ourselves solemnly to one another, and were to have been married in little more than a year from that day."

There was a long pause. The old man appeared buried in reflection. Neither of the girls cared to break upon his thoughts. When he continued again, it was more in the tone of soliloquy, than in that which one naturally assumes when conscious of auditors.

"I loved her," he said, dreamily—"I loved her, not wildly nor passionately, but in my own way—deeply. And she, poor young thing, I never have, I never can believe but that she returned fully my affection. She was too guileless to practice deceit *then*, whatever she did afterwards. Poor Sara! Well, well, how long ago it seems. I am an old man now, and she is the mother of men who have never heard of me as the lover of their mother. How remarkable a fate it is that strives constantly to create links between that family and this, and strives but to be defeated!"

Both Ruth and Sonora started as they heard these last words, Ruth, because she felt apprehension that the old man had recently prophecied the non-fulfillment of the vows that bound her and Philip Ahrenfeldt together; Sonora, because she knew by them that some part of her secret, if not all, was already under his control. How had he learned it?

"My children, the tale grows trite. Perhaps it is a trifle too commonplace to suit your fresh, young imaginations. But perhaps, who knows?—you may yourselves, in your own persons, testify some day to its realities. Heaven forbid! May deceit keep ever from your paths—unbroken faiths be yours! Children, listen, and be not surprised when I tell you that Sara Taylor was privately united to a wealthy New York merchant, on the very day before that she had destined for her marriage with me. The news fell upon me like a thunderbolt. I could not believe it. And I did not. For months, I went about groping in darkness for my beloved. I think I was mad. They told me she had sailed for Europe with her mother and husband, immediately after the ceremony. I followed. I followed and—and—I found her. I heard how I had been duped from her own lips. I heard, and disgust worked my cure, my reformation, at least as far as regarded herself. I believe from that day, I hated all womankind. Yes, for her sake I hated them. A year or two passed. It was not through natural inclination I entered the priesthood. Any other vocation would have suited my taste as well. I assumed its vows, simply because so doing placed an unalterable bar between me and—and—woman! How singular that I can laugh at the acknowledgement now." And he *did* laugh, a long, low, mellow laugh, in which Ruth and Sonora were not slow to join.

"And is that all?" inquired the latter, gaily. "Surely you mean to tell us more?"

"More? You avaricious little monkey! Will *nothing* satisfy you? There *is* 'more' that I might repeat to you, but I cannot to day. I have told you this much because I deemed it my duty. You, Sonora, have broken whatever tie bound you to the Ahrenfeldts, but time does wonders, and you may some day or other return to your adopted mother. In that case—"

"Never," cried the girl, with flashing eyes, "never again do I darken her doors!"

"Well, well—perhaps it will be so. In either case, you are old enough now, to have this confidence placed in you. As for Ruth, however worthy or noble a man Philip Ahrenfeldt may be, she ought to know—it is her right to know—something of the antecedents of the family into which she marries."

"My own being so lofty," said Ruth, laughing, "that it is necessary it should remain uncontaminated. Thank you, Father Lee, but when I marry, it will be to the man I love, and not to his family."

"Well said, my child,—nevertheless, you will find by hard experience, that one *does* espouse family. Whatever social cloud depends over the Ahrenfeldts will extend to you. This is an exceedingly popular truism. I think, however, that Mrs. Ahrenfeldt's early history has not been revived. She had sufficient tact at the beginning to conceal it. Few people are acquainted with it."

"And if they were," cried Sonora, "they would not *dare* to speak. That man or woman who should *dare* to unsettle her dominion in that way, would meet with some dire retaliation that could never cease to be regretted. Now that I no longer owe Mrs. Ahrenfeldt duty as a child, gratitude for protection, I can and will tell you what has been her treatment of me. I would rather die than endure it again. Her will is an iron one. Whether she bends it to good or evil purposes it is all one. It is not to be eluded. Almost all that she undertakes she accomplishes."

"Is she beautiful?" demanded Ruth, simply.

"No, not to me. Yet her eyes are fine, but in moments of excitement they burn with a baleful, lurid light, which robs them of womanly expression. To the world she is, however, all serenity. To be admitted to her house is considered an honor, and to enjoy her patronage, musicians, authors, artists follow in crowds in her wake. She is aware of her own power. She enjoys it. Rob her of it, and you take from her the very breath of life."

"What a picture!" said Father Lee; "but go on, and strive, Sonora, to say nothing in malice, and not to exaggerate."

"Father!" cried Sonora, as though suddenly struck with the idea, "when Mrs. Ahrenfeldt adopted me was she aware of my relationship to you?"

"No, my child, nor is she now."

"Oh, I remember! She made father promise to give me to her entirely. There was to be no communication between me and home, and with the exception of a few authorized letters from Ruth, there was none. Therefore she had little opportunity to hear of you. I was happy at first. Mrs. Ahrenfeldt was very kind to me. The contrast between my hard life here, and the luxury abounding in her house, smote me with wonder and delight. I was indulged in every whim, surfeited, perhaps with indulgence. I had masters provided for me, and studied morning, noon, and night to please my benefactress, although in my heart I hated to do so, most cordially. The only thing I cared for was music. It was one of my greatest pleasures to sing to the accompaniment of the fine old harp that stood always in the drawing-room's largest window. The delightful hours I have passed there I can never forget."

"You sing, then," broke in Ruth, "why did you not tell us this before? How I wish *I* could sing."

"I will teach you, said Sonora," smiling, "and when some day you behold the harp of *la belle mere*, I want you to think of me."

"Ruth will probably never see it, Sonora."

"Father Lee! Why not?"

"Because I am convinced that Mrs. Ahrenfeldt will not consent to her marriage with her oldest son. If it take place, I incline to think it will be in opposition to her will."

Sonora glanced towards Ruth in silence. Her face was as unmoved as a statue's, but a soft, delicate color dyed both forehead and cheeks. Her manner was free from embarrassment, still, it was not difficult to perceive that she was troubled.

"Ruth," said the aged priest, in a low, kind tone.

She looked up, and met his earnest gaze without shrinking.

"Ruth, my good, beautiful Ruth, you whom in my old age I love more than any one in the whole world, tell me truly, have you entire, perfect confidence in Philip Ahrenfeldt? Has no thought ever entered your mind that, perhaps, when removed from the influence of your presence, he may forget you, or only recollect you indistinctly, as the daughter of the keeper of a New Jersey Lighthouse; as a woman so infinitely below him as to make forgetfulness easy? Do you ever think of such things?"

"Never, father, never!" There was indignation as well as decision in her voice and the quick, spirited movement of her head. "I am not one to love where my judgment does not approve."

The old man smiled at her warmth.

"My child, my blessed child, I would not have you doubt unnecessarily, but with all my heart I charge you not to rely as yet too strongly on this man. In the little while that he was here, I made intense study of his face. Striking as it undoubtedly is, and strongly indicative of intellect, I tell you it is not a good one; I tell you he is vascillating of purpose, unstable in following out his aims. Beware, Ruth, beware! Trust Philip Ahrenfeldt when he has proved himself trustworthy."

"As he has, as he is!" said the girl, with impetuosity.

And again Father Lee smiled. He turned half-sadly to the younger sister.

"We have interrupted you, my dear. I beg your pardon. Will you continue?"

"Oh," said Sonora, who had not been an unobservant witness to this little interlude; "oh, father, it is a long, long story, and very painful to me. It is scarcely ever that I allow myself to think of it. I *cannot* give it you in detail—I need not, need I? I am so content now-a-days with my careless, apathetic, aimless life, that I do not love to consider the past."

"Then you *are* content, my child?"

"Very content, very satisfied. I have no room for regret even for Mrs. Ahrenfeldt's magnificent harp," and she laughed merrily.—"I said that I was happy at first. Alas! it did not last long. On the death of Mr. Ahrenfeldt, which occurred in the year after I left the island, everything was changed. I remember him well. He was a fine, large, imposing-looking man, and while he lived, exercised a beneficial, wholesome control over his wife.—Frederick Ahrenfeldt, the younger son, resembled him wonderfully, in everything but his goodness of heart. I never liked Frederick even as a boy. Certainly he took no pains to *make* me like him, and we grew up together amid quarrels and disputes which were numberless. He was a child-tyrant. The moment his mother's attention was called away from us, I stood in intense dread of his oppression. If I offended him (and it was not seldom), he did not hesitate to inflict rough corporeal punishment, and that without consulting any living being as to the propriety of the action. At first his mother protected me against these impulsive assaults, but they ceased after a while to make any impression upon her, and I was left entirely at the mercy of this evil-tempered lad. He was but a few years my elder, yet I was his slave. Whatever affection Mrs. Ahrenfeldt entertained for me when she adopted me, seemed by degrees to perish. I had been one of her momentary whims, which, when gratified, lost thenceforth all value. I was very miserable. Often, Ruth, have I wept to return to the island, and live here in obscurity and safety for the rest of my life. I was not permitted to go into society. If there were visitors, I was ordered to keep to my own room—in short, Mrs. Ahrenfeldt's conduct towards me has been but one long caprice. I was not, however, so unhappy but that I could be rendered more so. Just one year ago—yes, just a year ago last month—Frederick Ahrenfeldt asked me to become his wife."

This confession was so new, so unexpected, that Ruth was filled with astonishment. She looked hastily and curiously at her sister through the gathering twilight. Sonora was more than usually pretty that night. The dimness purified and softened the want of character in her delicate features, and gave them a greater depth of intellect than they possessed naturally.

"He asked you to become his wife?"

"Yes."

"And you—"

"Refused. What else could I do? I loathed and hated him with my whole heart. I despised him as I have despised no other human creature. My dislike took a more bitter, concentrated form when his attentions resolved

themselves into a series of persecutions. I had no privacy. Even my own room was not sacred in his eyes. His insolent, inexplicable passion was as little to be understood as the detestation with which he had formerly regarded me. How it arose, what converted hate into love, I never knew nor asked. I only comprehended the one great fact that Frederick Ahrenfeldt was now more than ever my enemy. I avoided him when I could, but that was but seldom. Wherever I went he followed. My slightest actions were watched; the very servants were bribed to report to him inadvertent words which I sometimes spoke regarding him. Oh, Ruth! oh, Father Lee! you can scarcely conceive the torture I endured.—For more than three months this persecution continued. I had no means of defence. I was powerless as the air.

"Those things could not proceed longer without attracting the attention of Mrs. Ahrenfeldt. I myself had not dared to appeal to her against her favorite son, and he, for his part, knew too well that even if he made her his confident, she would by no means favor his suit, but would, on the contrary, offer strong opposition. He was aware that his mother was decidedly ambitious for him as regarded marriage, and that a wife of my birth and poverty was the thing farthest from her thoughts.—Therefore he held his peace. When at length Mrs. Ahrenfeldt accidentally discovered her son's secret, he found that affairs stood just as he had expected. She flew into a stormy passion, declared he meant to bring her to a dishonored grave, and vowed she would make his brother Philip, who was then abroad, her sole heir if he persisted, and, in short, raved against him like a maniac. As for me, she did not deign me a word on the subject, but sent me away at once to spend the winter in the country, where I was only too glad to learn Frederick would not be permitted to follow. Then there came an interval of peace. Peace! oh, so unruffled, so profound, that I could scarcely realize it! Worn and depressed by excitement, my exile and my solitude were indeed precious. My sleep at night now brought me repose instead of feverish unrest, my days now brought me content. For a while I was left to rejoice in my liberty. I could read, write or walk without fear of molestation.—Much as I longed to return to the home from which I had been taken years before, I had stood too much in awe of Mrs. Ahrenfeldt to make the proposition. I dreaded her outbreak of anger, her ungovernable wrath. Something harder to endure than I had yet endured was needed to nerve me to the task.

"It was not long coming.

"I had been in retreat for about three or four weeks, when suddenly Frederick Ahrenfeldt appeared in the neighborhood. At first he did not venture near the farmhouse in which I was living, but taking up his abode in another at some little distance, was constantly on the watch to intercept me in my rambles.—Perceiving this, by two or three very unexpected and trying interviews, I gave up my walks entirely, and confined myself to the house. But a week or two of this seclusion convinced me that it was all in vain. I found that it was impossible to baffle any member of the family of Ahrenfeldt, when once their strong, determined wills were fixed on the accomplishment of anything. My adopted brother found means to introduce himself in the family a number of times, occasionally with the knowledge of its members, but oftener without. His manner and his language at these periods, were vehement and alarming. Rendered desperate by opposition; he dared even to threaten self-destruction; and once or twice so wrought upon my fears, that I actually believed he would put his threat in execution. At last, unable to bear up under this accumulation of ills, I fell sick. For a long time they told me, my life was in danger. I had a fever, induced probably, by excitement. In a week or two, as soon as I began to strengthen, and a prospect of a renewal of my annoyances became but too evident, I formed the hasty, wild resolution of flight. I determined, unannounced, to return to Mrs. Ahrenfeldt, and explaining my misery, throw myself upon her mercy. I acted on the idea so speedily, that it may scarcely be said to have been premeditated, and in a day or two, I found myself once more in New York, and in the presence of my adopted mother.

"What a reception was mine!

"It had been crime enough that her son should prefer me to all other women. She would have given much to have averted such a preference, but that he should be *rejected*—rejected by so humble an individual as myself, was not to be endured. Strange to say, the idea had not entered her brain before, but that the attachment was mutual. At this discovery, at this new phase of the development of the affair, her displeasure knew no bounds. Rejected! mon son rejected! The more she dwelt upon it, the more her anger was inflamed. She overwhelmed me with reproaches. She accused me of the basest ingratitude, and inconsistently protested that she knew from the first, that I would destroy eventually the peace of her whole family. Nor was this all. Indignation triumphed utterly over pride. She recalled her son; she declared that I should become his wife, and now she advocated his cause even more strenuously than she had before opposed it. Frederick Ahrenfeldt never did a wiser thing, than when, perceiving this unlooked for advantage, he acted on it. He had now, a powerful ally. I was by turns threatened, persuaded and tortured, for they knew I had no friend to whom to fly for consolation or advice."

"You did not yield?" exclaimed Ruth, breathlessly. "You are not married, Senora?"

"Yield! married!"

Senora threw herself back, and broke into forced, hysterical laughter.

"You shall hear. Wait! A few more words and I have done. Why am I here? Why should I come again to my poor, but happy home, if I were in the toils of that man? No, Ruth, no! At the last moment, faint and oppressed with sorrow, I wrote to father, without the knowledge of the Ahrenfeldts. The days were long with agony till he came. He was not too late to claim, to save me. I tell you I would have died before that should have been! I would—I would have died! But here—*here*, surely *he* will not follow me HERE! I need not dread it, I ought not to anticipate it, yet I do. I cannot at times drive away the presentiment, that even here I am not secure. That man was born to be my evil genius, as I am his—I have brought to him, heaven knows how unconsciously, only evil. I *cannot* escape him—I know that I cannot!"

And burying her now pallid face in her hands, she wept and laughed together.

Ruth was inexpressibly shocked. Father Lee indicated to her by gestures to lead her sister to the quiet of their own chamber.

"Senora," she said, softly smoothing her glossy hair, "Senora, be calm. Come! it grows late. Look, how far up is the moon! It is a night for the gods. Come!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of the POST is $2 a year in advance—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

The POST is believed to have a larger country circulation than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

The POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of the POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer. Owing, however, to the great and increasing demand for the Paper, those wishing back numbers had better apply as early as possible, our rule being "First come, first served."

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, EMMA ALICE BROWNE, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the following novelet, WHICH WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

The following—WHICH WILL ALSO BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH ENGRAVINGS—will be published in due season:—

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the POST, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY,

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

In addition to our original novelets, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

No fiery message is to speed through the woven coil of the Atlantic telegraph for some time to come, it seems; for on the 16th ult., Her British Majesty's steamer Leopard came dolorously clanking and dismally snorting into Portsmouth harbor, England, bearing the sullen news that the great cable had snapped, like a mere thread, when three hundred and thirty-five nautical miles of its length had been successfully stretched over the submarine plateau that stretches from Ireland to Newfoundland. Another cable of expectation already laid in the public mind, broke suddenly when the doleful news of that breakage reached the shores of either continent. We all thought the thing virtually done when we heard the doing had commenced, and now find ourselves the victims of misplaced confidence. The disappointment and vexation are general and extreme. The myriad faces of the public have fallen immensely, and the myriad voices of the public all unite in a lugubrious chorus of "Too bad!" Meanwhile, full fathom five the cable lies, and the jolly mermen and merry mermaids have it all to themselves. The next thing to be done is to recover it from the deep dominions of Father Neptune, and—try again. We must take our lesson from the spider. Who has not seen the patient insect laboriously stretching his filmy coil across some little space which is, no doubt, an Atlantic's breadth to him, and when mischance fell upon his toils, and the fine chain parted, promptly recommencing his grand enterprise? We must not be shamed by a spider. Mistakes and disasters are our teachers, and undoubtedly it will be seen in the end, when the new cable is strongly and surely laid, that it was a good thing to have had the chance to profit by the previous failure.

A pretty pother must have ensued on the deck of the Niagara, when the cable broke, and dropped into the ocean. The vessel was going at the rate of four knots an hour, and the engineer thinking unluckily (or luckily) that the cable was running out with a rapidity disproportionate to the speed of the ship, ordered the brakes to be applied, when—snap!—the coil broke astern, and the work was over! Imagine the rage and grief on board that vessel! Fancy the dismal shade of blue that fell on the bronzed faces of those sturdy sea-dogs, and the very ultra marine anathemas and objurgations that echoed from their clenched teeth over the catastrophe! "Our army swore terribly in Flanders," averred Corporal Trim; but what are soldiers' oaths to seamens'? We reckon that the "sweet little cherub that sits up aloft to keep watch o'er the life of poor Jack," must have shrunk away up to the very topmost rim of the tallest funnel, terrified at the extraordinary squall of curses, "not loud but deep," that raged all over the telegraph fleet at that moment!

We must say, however, that this snapping of the cable is anything but creditable to the foresight and judgment of the engineer. Undoubtedly the wrong man was in the wrong place that time. It appears that the cable broke in consequence of the immense weight imposed upon it by not allowing it to reach the bottom. At the time of the breakage, several miles of the cable were hanging in mid-ocean, instead of being deposited on the submarine plateau. What a stupid piece of management this was! In fact, the entire conduct of the engineer throughout seems to show that he was more of a theorist and bungler, than a practical man, with wit to adapt means to ends. In the first place we hear of the cable running off the groove of the pulley, and getting jammed and broken at the very outset. A Yankee would have contrived a machine to put that cable not over an open groove, but through a solid funnel, out of which no swelling and tossing of the sea could have thrown it. Then we find the engineer allowing a greater strain to the cable than the previous tests had proved it would bear, and increasing this strain by an application of the brakes, till the toughness of the coil was overcome. It appears also, that he paid out the cable as stingily as if he thought there was a plateau for it to rest on, smooth and level as a marble table. Of course that plateau must be a ridge of undulations and acclivities, with nobody knows how many deep, precipitous gulfs and wells intervening, and, in fact, the survey of its actual condition should have been not general, but special, and accomplished step by step from Ireland to Newfoundland. No provision either, seems to have been made against under-currents strong enough to carry the submerged cable off its track into deeper water. In fact, there seems to have been a great deal of clumsy machinery and dunderheaded management about this phase of the enterprise, and we hope the next effort will be made under the direction of a man of practical sense and skill, who will use no cumbrous machines nor ill-judged methods to effect the desired end. French or Yankee engineers would make simple and sure work of the matter, and we heartily wish either one or the other had the management of it.

It is not yet certain whether the Directors will try again this year, or wait till next summer. The cloud of equinoctial wind and rain that will soon gather over the Atlantic, forbids any further attempt at the completion of the enterprise at present. And, doubtless, there will be some modification or alteration of the plan of operations before the work begins again. At any rate, it is suspended for the present, and we must consent to carry on our international game of grab and guile, through no better mediums than the swift weekly steamers. Perhaps Providence is kind to us, and wishes at least to postpone the multiform evils which must accrue to the country from any more intimate connections with the Merdles of the London Stock Exchange, and the Stiltstalkings of the English cabinet. A beautiful instance, by the way, of the spirit which pervades the first of the above-named estimable institutions, has recently reached us. East Indian advices by the overland mail from Calcutta, reaching Trieste for transmission to London, fell into the itching palms of these commercial gamblers. Of course, at such a time it was highly necessary that the news from India should come at once to the eyes of the British Government, in order that it might at once forward its despatches, control and direct the movements of troops, ships, munitions, etc., and so endeavor to save India to the British crown. Any delay at such a time, was dangerous. The commercial prosperity of the nation was, possibly, at stake, and the pecuniary patriotism of Britain called for the latest news from India. But, no—the gamesters of the Stock Exchange had their own little private interests to attend to, *first!*—there was money to be made by skillful speculations in East India stocks and merchandize, to which the control of the news was necessary, and though the nation might lose, they would gain; so they contrived to detain the foreign advices from British India at Trieste for twenty-six hours, meanwhile taking advantage thereof to make their purchases, and cheat all people not advised of the state of the India market! In a word, they actually held back the news which belonged to the nation, and on whose immediate transmission the prosperity of the nation in a great measure depended; till they had accomplished their own private purposes! Oh, brokers of Britain, is it such precious games that you propose to play on us through the aid of the ocean cable, yet unlaid, and is it such games that our bulls and bears propose to play on you through the same magic medium? And oh, Barnacles of Britain, is the telegraphic chain between your land and ours, to be the agent of your diplomatic craft and cozenings, and of our Barnacles' likewise? Because if so, what righteous man will care how many times the cable snaps between us!

Yet, let us hope that short-sighted iniquity, will not always have the power to make the blessings of peace, a curse; and so, in the deep trust that a time is coming when the relations of the world will rest on a broad basis of mutual interest and mutual rights, let us hope that the Atlantic Telegraph will yet be strongly laid.

THE FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE.—An advertisement of the introductory lecture to the course of 1857, at the Female Medical College in this city, will be found in another column. Of the special merits and value of this particular institution we know nothing, though we presume everything in its favor. No one at least, can now doubt the propriety of a medical education for women. The road to the highest eminence in literature, and to the greatest utility in life, lies partly through the domain of medical physics. That person knows little, and is of little service, who does not know the body and soul of man, in the operations of their health and their disease. If it is claimed that such an education can do no good, it must also be conceded that it can do no harm. But it is affluent and prolific in good. When well considered, it will be found that there is not a single person, from the poet writing of the truths of human nature, to the nurse tending in the sick chamber, who is not a wiser, stronger, and more efficient member of society when endowed with a knowledge of the laws of physical and spiritual health and disease. Our usefulness is increased, and our natures adorned and elevated in exact proportion to the widening of the circumference of our knowledge and experience, in any and in all directions; and what is true of man in these respects, is true of woman also.

THE REVOLT IN INDIA.

The news from India dates to the 27th of June. Up to that time, Delhi remained in the possession of the insurgents, who were besieged by the British army, composed of some eight thousand Europeans and five thousand natives—the latter being, of course, entirely untrustworthy. The insurgents had made several savage sorties, but were at each time repulsed with great slaughter.

At Bombay and Madras alone the native armies remain "loyal"—that is, they veil their sentiments with Oriental secrecy. Everywhere else the maddening other of mutiny has filled the minds of the people. All over Hindostan, there is tumult and confusion. The greatest apprehension, mixed with doubtful hope of ultimate triumph, prevails in Britain. If the people of India find a leader equal to the crisis, Britain will be compelled to recommence the entire conquest of that country, once effected by the prowess of Clive, and it is impossible to say what fate may attend her arms in that tremendous grapple.

The movements of Louis Napoleon will be worth watching. Of all crowned heads in Europe, his is the subtlest and the strongest. His purposes move masked and cloaked to their ends. No one can penetrate the mystery of that bold, bad nature, so ambitious, so relentless, so impassible. He is the man of supreme gross common-sense—secure because he is the expression of the average low aims and ambitions of the majority of his countrymen—powerful because he is void of conscience. He has recently visited England. What attitude he will assume in the struggle of Britain and India, is the secret problem of many a mind. If interest sets him in hostility to the British power in that country, it may well say farewell to dominion in India. For whatever Louis Napoleon has yet undertaken to do, he has done, and whatever he undertakes to do, he will do. He is this day Emperor of Europe, by power of the all-crafty, all-unscrupulous, all-daring brain.

Rumor, or a more authentic witness, accuses Russia of working an underplot in this Indian insurrection. It is currently reported that Russian agents have contrived it all. What truth there is in this suspicion, is not yet clear. At all events, if the battle in India is to be between Russia and England, our sympathies are with England. For Russia is barbarism—it is tyranny—it is medieval night and the brutal heel. And England is civilization—beautiful, in despite of her evils—glorious, in despite of her shames. With England there is hope, because there is, in some sort, freedom, but Russia may be fitly described in Milton's mighty phrase, as "a tyrannical dungeon, in which no free and splendid arts can flourish."

DICKENS AGAINST THE CIRCUMLOCUTION OFFICE.

Everybody, as the phrase goes, has read "Little Dorrit," or, if not, everybody ought to; for in this age one cannot afford to miss being in contact and communion with great minds, and the best thought and feeling of the times now enter into the composition of the popular novel. Authors have acted upon a conviction, incorporated in Tennyson's thoughtful stanza—

> "High wisdom dealt with mortal powers
> That truth, in closest words, shall fail,
> When truth *embodied in a tale*,
> Shall enter in at lowly doors"

They have seen that certain truths put in the form of a treatise, fail to reach the minds of the people, whereas the same truths made dramatically evident in a story, find millions of readers. So Dickens' "Little Dorrit," like all his works, is not a mere idle tale—an Arabian Night's Entertainment, whose only object is to amuse a frivolous throng—but it is a powerful tract in a most pleasing form, and, like his other books, treats of the great practical interests and questions which engage the attention of all thoughtful men and women. This is the secret of its author's immense popularity, and this is also the reason why no less grave and dignified a magazine than the Edinburgh Review has lately, in an article printed under the taking caption of "The License of Modern Novelists," taken him to task for his searching criticism on the English Government, which Dickens has held up to immortal ridicule and unextinguishable laughter under the name of the Circumlocution Office.

To this article, Dickens, in a recent number of Household Words, has given a most trenchant and unanswerable reply. The reviewer, who is understood to be a Government official under Lord Palmerston, had defended the Government from the novelist's general charge of How-not-to-do-it-ism, and cited in proof of its prompt patronage, of any worthy scheme of improvement, and encouragement of any able reformer, its conduct in regard to the organization of the system of Penny Postage, and in relation to its projector, Mr. Rowland Hill. The mention of this name and this system, gives Dickens a chance to retort with stunning force, under the heading of the "Curious Misprint in the Edinburgh Review." He assumes that the reviewer must have sent some other name to the printer, as his words are clearly not applicable to Rowland Hill; and then proceeds to show that the Circumlocution Office fought Rowland Hill and his project, tooth and nail, for seventeen years, in every possible way, till he and his project came into favor in spite of all its efforts. The Circumlocution Office opposed the primary movement for a committee on the project; then threw itself in conflict with Rowland Hill on questions of fact, which conflict lasted for years; then postponed the subject altogether. Afterwards the Radicals managed to force the Government into the adoption of the system. Then Rowland Hill got a Treasury appointment, not to carry out his scheme, but to show, if he could, how the Circumlocution Office could do without him; and then that appointment was taken away from him. Afterwards, the public mind becoming thoroughly excited in the matter, various measures were devised in succession, to give Rowland Hill the management of the Postal System, all of which the Circumlocution Office steadily and persistently opposed and baffled, till finally it was forced into giving him an appointment in the Post Office, which it so hampered that he could do nothing! Thus the Circumlocution Office went on, till finally, the people being now roused and on his side, Rowland Hill got the superintendence of his own system—after seventeen years of incessant and disheartening struggle, which would have driven any ordinary man to despair or suicide. What a Government!

In the course of his reply, Dickens turns the caption of the Edinburgh Review's article—"The License of Modern Novelists"—with amusing success on the reviewer. The latter in the course of a feeble and sneering effort to show that Dickens tries to catch popularity by incorporating party cries and newspaper occurrences in his tales, asserts that he borrowed the final catastrophe in "Little Dorrit" from the incident of a fall of houses in Tottenham Court Road, London, an incident which, says the reviewer, luckily occurred before the last monthly number of "Little Dorrit" was issued. In answer to this, Dickens shows, what any man of common acuteness can see in reading the novel, that the catastrophe was kept in view from the beginning of the tale—that it was prepared for, and the way to it carefully paved, from the very outset, and all through the book, during the two years of its monthly publication; and finally that the last number of the tale was not only written, but printed, before the accident in Tottenham Court occurred! Having satisfactorily settled his reviewer's rash statement in this way, he holds up the latter as an instance of The License of Modern Reviewers!

Altogether, the reviewer gets thoroughly used up, and hardly needs the finishing stroke Dickens gives him, when he hints that he, the reviewer, may soon have work enough on his hands in defending the conduct of the Circumlocution Office when arraigned for its mismanagement of East Indian affairs—a subject on which Dickens seems not only to forbode some terrible national disaster, but to fear a personal calamity, his son being, it is said, a cadet in the East Indian army. The ill-success of the reviewer, who is shown to be a genuine Circumlocutionist, having been proved ludicrously wrong in all his positions and assertions, will probably have the effect of making the future Government critics more cautious about attacking Dickens, who writes with the facts on his side, and always knows perfectly well what he is about.

New Publications.

BOUVIER'S FAMILIAR ASTRONOMY, OR AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE HEAVENS, by HANNAH M. BOUVIER, (Childs & Peterson, Philadelphia,) is the title of a large, superbly-printed and illustrated volume—a paragon of publishing—which would make a thrill of proud thought in the souls of Guttemburg and Caxton, or any of the ancient worthies of the craft, could they but look in upon our world to day, and see what flowers of typography have sprung, and are springing, from the black-letter seeds they planted centuries ago. The work itself is excellent and valuable enough to deserve such a choice and ornamented garb—fine feathers, we contend, being always the rightful raiment of fine birds, though the fates and the proverb have cheated them out of it. It is, as its title informs us, an introduction to the study of astronomy, but the completeness of its scope and method would secure it a loftier claim than the modesty of its author makes for it. For it is, in fact, a thorough, simple and luminous treatise on celestial physics, which (mindful of the witty advice of the Giant Molineaux to his friend Ram, in Count Anthony Hamilton's entertaining fairy tale,) begins at the beginning, and leads the young student upward by clear and gradual steps, from the first astronomical laws and principles to a full apprehension of the entire vast circumference of the science. Wherever the nature of the heavenly phenomena, or their governing laws, become abstruse, or difficult of perception, figures and diagrams are introduced by way of elucidation and example.

The work is divided into five parts—the first of which explains the laws that govern the celestial bodies—the second, the components of the solar system, and the phenomena attending their movements—the third treats of the sidereal heavens, embracing the fixed stars, clusters and nebulæ—the fourth is devoted to a description of the instruments used in the observatory—and the fifth is given to the uses of the globes. Added to this we have a full Astronomical Dictionary, and a clear and condensed history of astronomy in all its details. Two maps of the heavens, giving the stars, constellations, nebulæ, etc., in white on a blue ground, make the work complete.

A noticeable and praiseworthy feature in its method is the plan of presenting its information in the form of catechism. Thus:—"What is meant by perihelion? *Ans.* "That point in a planet's orbit nearest the sun." "What is meant by aphelion?" *Ans.* "That point in a planet's orbit furthest from the sun." And so on throughout the volume. It is claimed for this plan that it concentrates the attention of the pupil upon the subject under immediate consideration, makes him dwell upon each point till it is perfectly understood, and leads him to understand the precise limits of each proposition.

We may say here, in passing, that the volume has the cordial approbation of many of the most eminent scientificians and astronomers in the world—among whom we may mention Mr. Airy, (the Astronomer Royal of England,) Sir John Herschel, Lieut. Maury, Prof. Olmstead, Dr. Dick, Dr. Lardner, Lord Rosse, Sir David Brewster, and many others. Even the London *Athenæum*—so genial to its "idols of the tribe," so sour to American authors—unbends with stiff civility from its starch and corsets, and adds its curt compliments to those already paid the authoress by the laurelled heads of science. All which is not more flattering than deserved.

BRAZIL AND THE BRAZILIANS, PORTRAYED IN HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES, (Childs & Peterson, Phila.,) is another superbly issued volume, printed in type that can be conveniently read half a yard off, and filled with picturesque and graphic illustrations. In this work, however, the beauty of the letter-press is almost lost sight of in the interest which attaches to the subject of the volume, and in the comprehensiveness, freshness and literary charms of the narrative. It is the composition of two clergymen—the Rev. D. B. Kidder, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Rev. J. C. Fletcher, of the Presbyterian—both of whom, as travellers and missionaries, and one as Acting Secretary of the United States Legation at Rio, have had the fullest and fairest experience of the matters of which they write, and have carefully studied Brazil from the natural, political, commercial, social, and, indeed, every point of view. As we begin the perusal of their sparkling and pictorial pages, we are forced to think how little we know of Brazil! Here we sit, like Tennyson's "Lady of Shalott"—

> "And moving through a mirror clear,
> "That hangs before (us) all the year,
> "Shadows of the world appear—"

pageants and panoramas of India and China, Europe, Australia, and the archipelagoes of the sea, but nothing of Brazil—or, at best, only some vague cloud of past reading, in which gleams a spectral and colored suffusion of wild streams and tropical forests; tall palms and broad-leaved magueys; coiling anacondas and leaping jaguars; sentinel flamingoes, perched poll-parrots, and brilliant macaws, all a blaze with scarlet and vivid green; sluggish alligators and mopping and mowing monkeys; flaring skies and diamond-delving negroes; and the entire bizarre phantasmagoria rent now and then with red spasms of revolution, throbbing with the vast pulse of the earthquake, or whirling in the rush and roar of the hurricane. And yet the original of our vague visions is a vast, well-ordered empire, growing and striving in a circle of territory larger than the United States, covered with the strong shield of a stable constitutional monarchy, rich in commodities, flourishing in material prosperity, tolerant and liberal in its policy, and offering golden invitation to the naturalist, the merchant, the missionary, and the various enterprise of the globe. Our authors tell us that of this region Gardiner, the eminent English botanist, has declared that "it is richer than any other in the world in those objects to which he had devoted the study of his life." Last year it exported sixty million dollars worth of its productions, and imported to the amount of fifty-three millions. Europe has seven lines of steamers running south of the Equator; America not one! Cannot our Government negotiate a treaty with Brazil, as a preliminary to the establishment of honorable commercial relations between the two countries, on a broad basis of mutual interest? At present, there is no reciprocity between them. Brazil, alarmed and incensed by the construction put upon some American newspaper articles regarding the opening of the Amazon river—articles which were translated and published in the Mercantile Courier at Rio, in 1853, and which created great commotion throughout the country—has shrunk from us, and now discourages any commercial connection. But the Emperor, Dom Pedro II., is a man of great intelligence and liberality, and possesses singular nobility of character, and there is no doubt that any judicious overtures from our Government, would bring about reconciliation and confidence, and pave the way toward the establishment of a commercial treaty between the two countries, which would be highly advantageous to the interests of both, in every way. Let us hope that the thing may yet be accomplished.

We commend this volume to the especial attention of the public, which will find an ample recompense in perusing its delightful pages. It is interesting not only as embodying the views and counsel of two genial and sagacious minds, but for the concise and comprehensive account it gives of the past history and present natural, political, social and religious conditions and prospects of the Brazilian empire, as well as for the numerous, varied, graphic and brilliant little pictures of Brazilian society, manners, customs, climate, scenery, architecture, arts, occupations, literature, people and public men, which enliven and brighten the flowing course of its narrative. Perhaps the most attractive feature of the work, is the portrait it gives of the present Emperor—so liberal and learned, august, urbane and wise, with his strong, kindly feeling for Americans, and his childlike and ardent enthusiasm for our loved poet, Longfellow. We fancy that the readers of this volume, arriving at an apprehension of his character, will sympathize with that band of rugged and picturesque Californian emigrants, who, when he visited the steamer on which they were gathered, broke out in three ringing and rousing cheers for "Dom Pedro the Second, Emperor of Brazil!" Certainly all persons who admire a large-minded and generous man, will echo those acclamations in their hearts. One cannot but with the Rev. Dr. Osgood, that "Dom Pedro the Second, by his character, and by his taste, application, and acquisitions in literature and science, ascends from his mere accidental position as Emperor, and takes his place in the world as a *man!*"

PUNCH'S POCKET BOOK OF FUN (D. Appleton & Co., New York, for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.,) is a volume of the American railway library, portable and convenient in size, and easy to put in one's pocket. It is made up of droll extracts from the humorous pages of the London *Punch*, and is embellished with pictures by Leech, Cruikshanks, Tenniel, Doyle, and others.

CONSUELO and its Sequel THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT, by GEORGE SAND, (T. B. Peterson, Philada.,) are issued in a cheap form which gives every one an opportunity to read one of the most masterly of all the French fictions, and the greatest work of its author.

> DOMESTIC HAPPINESS, thou only bliss
> Of Paradise that hast survived the fall!
> Though few now taste thee, unimpaired and pure,
> Or tasting, long enjoy thee! too infirm,
> Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets
> Unmixed with drops of bitter, which neglect
> Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup;
> Thou art the nurse of Virtue; in thine arms
> She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
> Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again.
> —*Cowper.*

☞ The greater part of political capital is made up of private interest.

☞ WOMEN AND FLOWERS.—In the Malay language, the same word signifies women and flowers. So far so good. But HUNT, the old bachelor, says—"It is a delicate way of intimating that each is remarkable for its (a)talk." Sly old varmint. Deserves a broomstick!

☞ In the affairs of life, activity is to be preferred to dignity; and practical energy and dispatch, to premeditated composure and servo.

THE YELLOW TIGER.

It was fully three long hours behind its time, that great Lyons stage-coach; which, considering that the roads were clear and open, was curious, to say the least of it. This was on a cool summer's evening at the old inn at Troyes, France, bearing the name, Tigre Jaune, or Yellow Tiger. It had been a fierce, glaring day; and we—the landlady, that is, and myself—were looking over from the wooden gallery that runs round the court, speculating what it might be that detained the great Lyons stage-coach.

"You are expecting some guests, I think you told me?" said I to the landlady.

"Yes, monsieur: that good, gentle, M. Lemoine, with his mother and pretty sweetheart. Three travellers, sir. Heavens! I had nearly forgotten about the golden chamber. Fanchonette! Fanchonette!"

Here a glass door just opposite opened softly, and a little figure in boddice and petticoat of bright colors, with small lace cap and ribbons on the back of her head, stepped out upon the gallery. This was Fanchonette, and the glass door opened into the gilded chamber. She curtsied low to me, the stranger. She said she had but that instant been putting one last touch to the golden chamber, brushing away some specks of dust accumulated since mid-day upon the mirrors and Dresden figures. M. Lemoine, when he arrived, would find everything looking as bright and fresh as in his own chateau at home. With this little speech, she curtseyed low, and disappeared quickly behind the glass door.

"This M. Lemoine seems to have made many friends," I said, turning to madame.

"No wonder, monsieur," she replied, "he is so good and gentle, if that wicked brother of his would only let him live in peace."

"How is that?" I said, beginning to grow a little curious concerning this M. Lemoine. "What of this ogre of a brother?"

"He is his half-brother," madame said; "a wicked, graceless monster as ever came upon the earth of the good God. His own father took away all his estates from him and gave them over to M. Lemoine; not but that he himself was handsomely taken care of—ah, me! far too handsomely! He, however, had spent it all, and was now wandering about the world, a beggar."

"It certainly seemed a curious disposition," madame went on to say, "considering that M. Lemoine was only madame's son—she having been married before—and that wicked M. Charles his own child. But nobody could like him—not even his own father."

"And this M. Lemoine was expected here that evening?"

"Yes," she said, "in company with his mother, a cold, haughty woman, that always went with him, and with mademoiselle his cousin, to whom he was to be wedded as soon as his wretched health permitted. There was the whole history for me! Would I excuse her now for a few moments?"

During the last few minutes that madame was speaking, I had noticed that a glass door on the right had opened softly, disclosing a prospect a gentleman sipping his wine and smoking a cigar leisurely after dinner. No doubt the cool evening breeze was found to enter very gratefully, for the gentleman presently pushed the little gilt table from him, and walked out slowly upon the gallery, still smoking his cigar. He had a disagreeable simper always put on below light yellow moustaches, and he had, besides, a fashion of keeping his hands buried in his trowsers pockets, which seemed as full and spacious as a Turk's. He looked down for some minutes into the court below, simpering pleasantly, then walked slowly round to where I was standing, and, bowing low, prayed me to have the bounty and condescension to allow him to light his cigar at mine. He had been so maladroit as to let his own go out. Curiously enough, I had seen him, but a minute before, slyly rub his cigar against the wall with great secrecy and mystery. The significance of this act was now plain to me. I should have liked him better if he had made his advances openly, without any such little trickery. It was a pleasant evening, he observed, diligently lighting his cigar. I, too, he supposed, was waiting to see the heavy coach come in. No? Would I forgive him for thinking so at first; for every creature in that dull place seemed to take surprising interest in the movements of that huge machine. "Measieurs there," he added, simpering contemptuously, on the people below, "find pleasing excitement in such talk. The poor souls! They know no better—ha! ha!" His laugh was disagreeable—very sweet and yellow-sounding. "Have you been here long?" he went on; "I have been sojourning here two days."

"I only arrived this evening," I answered, coldly enough.

"Two days; would you believe it—two more days? Why, it is my belief that I should have expired at the end of the fourth hour but for the little Fanchonette yonder, whom, by the way you may have seen. A little Chloris!"

I was beginning to find this gentleman's manner so little to my taste, that I prepared to turn away and make for my own room, when suddenly a faint rolling sound, accompanied with a distant musical tinkling, fell upon my ear. "Hark!" said he. "It comes, the coach we look for! See, the vagabonds are already in ecstasy!"

It was singular—the contempt he showed for the poor men below. They, by this time, were crushing to the great gateway; so there could be no question but that the great coach was approaching.

Presently it drew up in the centre of the court, and from the inside was assisted forth, by gentle hands—madame herself, aiding tenderly—a tall man, delicate looking and slightly stooped. He seemed a little feeble, but walked better as he leant on the arm of a stately lady in black, looking haughtily round on all about her. On the side was a young girl, golden-haired and graceful, whom I knew to be the future bride. I was all this while leaning over the balustrade, looking down into the court.

Presently a very curious scene took place. I had seen the gentleman of the yellow moustaches, simpering to himself as though much amused at what was going forward. But when the young man and the two ladies had begun to mount the wooden staircase, he threw away his cigar, and walked leisurely down to them.

"Dearest brother," he said, withdrawing one hand from his deep pockets, "I am rejoiced to see you looking so fresh and well. But the journey must have fatigued you terribly!"

The tall lady's eyes flashed fire, and she stepped forward in front of her son.

"Go away! Go, you wretch!" she said.—"What do you do here?—how dare you present yourself to us?"

"Sweet madame," he said, bowing low, "accept my humble excuses; but I wish to speak privately with my dear brother here, who, by the way, seems to be getting all his strength back again. I have waited here two whole days, looking forward to this pleasure."

"Stand back, quickly!" said the tall lady, trembling with rage. "Will nobody take this wretch from our sight? Messieurs! messieurs! I entreat you make him withdraw!"

The men were gathering round gradually—to whom our hostess was vehemently unfolding the whole history, plainly working on their feelings. It was held to be a crying shame, and one of them was proposing to interfere physically. But young M. Lemoine gently drew his mother to one side.

"Dearest mother," he said, "let us hear what he has to say. He can do us no harm."

"No, thank God!" she said, "we are beyond his malice. But you must not speak with him, my son."

All this while the gentleman with the saffron moustaches had been leaning back against the rail, surveying both with a quiet smile.

"Well, brother," he said at last, "you see, madame—gentle-minded, religious woman that she is—wishes to inflame matters. Let us finish with this child's work. I have journeyed many leagues to speak with you, and do you suppose I will let myself be turned back by caprice of this sort? Give me half an hour—but one half-hour. She shall be by all the while. Also mademoiselle, if she have any fancy for it."

The young man looked round at the haughty dame beside him.

"This seems only reasonable," he said; "we had best hear what he has to say. Well, brother, come to my room—to the golden chamber, in an hour. But mind, this shall be the last time."

"With all my heart," said the other, bowing profoundly. "I shall trouble you no further after that. Au revoir, then; in an hour."

He lifted his hat as they passed him, and then walked down, unconcernedly, among the blue-frocked peasants of the court.

"Don't stop up the way, good people," he said, coolly putting them aside, "it hinders all comfort in walking."

Then he lighted a cigar, and strode out carelessly upon the high road.

The glass doors of the golden chamber had been thrown open, disclosing a pretty little room adorned fancifully with mirrors and light chintz hangings. Into this they entered, the hostess leading the way, and bringing forward an arm-chair, into which M. Lemoine dropped himself wearily. Madame was taking counsel with Fanchonette, at the end of the room (the chintz and Louis-quinze mirrors were quite in keeping with her figure), and, as the glass-doors shut-to gently, I saw his cousin bending over him tenderly. He looked up pleasantly into her face.

Within the hour's time the great coach had departed, toppling fearfully as it passed out under the archway; while the men—their day's work being ended—dispersed and left the court quite bare and empty. Soon after, the stranger came sauntering in, his hands deeper in his pockets, and well up to his time. At the foot of the steps he stopped and called out loudly to Fanchonette,

"Go quickly, little woman, and see if it be their pleasure to receive me."

Soon returned Fanchonette, tripping lightly, with word that they were already waiting for monsieur—would he follow her?

"On, then, my girl," he exclaimed, and walked up stairs, round to the golden chamber, entering boldly, and letting the glass-doors swing to with loud chatter behind him.

Madame, our hostess, reported to me afterwards, that as she was passing by she heard strange tones, as of fierce and angry quarrel—apparently the voices of M. Lemoine's mother and the stranger. She had often heard that there was some ugly secret in the family—some skeleton closet, as it were—which he, no doubt, was threatening to make known to the world. It was curious, too, how the interest of that whole establishment became concentrated on that one chamber. It was known universally that there was some mystery going on inside. Even Fanchonette found occasion to pass that way now and then, gleaning, no doubt, stray ends of discourse. I myself felt irresistibly moved to wander round in that direction; but, for the sake of public opinion, had held out against the little weakness. It would be more profitable, as it was such a cool, fresh evening, to go forth and stroll leisurely towards the village, scarcely a mile away. So I sauntered forth at an easy pace from beneath the archway.

It was long past ten o'clock when I found myself at the door of the old Yellow Tiger.—That establishment was now about sinking into its night's repose; lights beginning to twinkle here and there at strange windows. The day's work was done, and it was time for all Christians to be in their rooms. So I took the lamp and made straight for the little alcove chamber where I was to repose; leaving, as it is best to do in strange places, the light burning upon the table.

When I awoke again, it must have been a couple of hours past midnight, and I found that my lamp must have just gone out. For there was a column of thick black smoke curling upwards from it to the ceiling. The night was miserably warm and uncomfortable, and I foresaw that there was at least an hour or two of wretched tossing in store for me. To which prospect I at once resigned myself, and waited calmly for the tumult to begin.

Though the lamp had gone out, there was still abundance of light pouring into the room through the glass-door and its thin muslin blind. For the moon was up, and made every corner of my little room as light as day. From the alcove where I lay—just facing the door—I could be pretty sure that the court-yard was steeped in a broad sheet of white light. So, too, must have been the gallery running round (this was my little speculation, striving to keep away the hour of torment), and its many sleepers, now fast bound in their slumbers. Just then the little clock set to chiming out three, so that I had gone tolerably near the hour. As I was thinking what musical bells were to be found occasionally in these out-of-the-way villages, it suddenly struck me that there was a creaking sound outside in the gallery, as of a light footstep. The night was so very still that there could be no doubt of it. There was a creaking sound in the gallery. At the same instant, Hercules, the great white hound, always chained up of nights in the porch, gave forth a long, melancholy howl. Whereupon the sounds ceased suddenly.

By-and-bye they commenced again, coming nearer this time, and mystifying me exceedingly, when suddenly, having my eyes fixed upon the door, a tall shadow seemed to flit swiftly across the door—a man's shadow, too. What could this mean? Who could be moving about in this secret fashion? Perhaps a watchman, kept by madame to look after the safety of their premises; perhaps a stranger with some unlawful purpose. I got up hastily and went over to the door to look out. There was no sign of any person being there; the gallery was perfectly deserted. The court below was—exactly as I had been figuring it—flooded with moonlight. There were also those fantastic shadows shooting out from the foot of the pillars, and underneath the gallery deep cavernous recesses, steeped in shade and mystery. Hercules was still at his mournful song, and something must have troubled his slumbers. Still, as I said, there was no sign of any living creature; so, after a little further contemplation of the tranquil scene, I shut the door gently taking care to secure it from within, and went back to the alcove.

The coach passed by at six o'clock the next morning, and was to call at the great gate to take me up. It seemed to me that I had but just turned round to sleep, when a hoarse voice came through the glass door, calling to me and rattling it impatiently.

"What do you want?" I said, sleepily.

"The coach, m'sieu! it is coming over the hill. M'sieu will have to hasten himself."

"I jumped up hastily and was in my clothes in an instant. Madame, with delicate forethought, had a little cup of coffee ready (the great coach would halt for breakfast some two or three hours later), which I had finished just as the jangling music of the great coach made itself heard at the door. As I was following out the porter, who had my luggage on his shoulder, a piercing scream rang out, so sharp and full of anguish, that all who were there turned and rushed back into the court. There was M. Lemoine's mother out upon the gallery in a light dressing gown, leaning over the rail, tossing her arms wildly about. There, too, was madame, our hostess, struggling hard with the golden-haired young girl at the door of M. Lemoine's room. Little Fanchonette, with her hands covering up her face, was running round the gallery, in a sort of distracted manner, calling "help! help!" We were at the room-door in an instant.

"Oh, such a terrible thing!" said madame; "don't go in—don't go in!"

I knew well what that terrible thing was, having had a dreadful presentiment from the very first minute. Upon his bed was lying M. Lemoine, on his face, quite stiff and cold; and, as they turned him over, two discolored marks upon his throat came into view. He had been most foully done to death—had poor M. Lemoine.

Suddenly some one whispered, "Where was the stranger; he who had arrived yesterday?"—and some one else walked away on tip-toe towards his room. He had departed. It was plain, too, that his bed had not been slept in. It was easy, therefore, to know at whose door to lay this foul deed.

By this time, madame, now quite motionless and exhausted, had been got into the house, as well as the yellow-haired young lady. Conductor said very quietly to me, that it was an awful thing to happen, an awful thing. He felt for madame's situation, but he had his orders and must go forward without delay. So he was at my service from that moment.

As we came down the steps, we found that the court had filled up with a strange rapidity; many men having gathered there, talking softly together and surmising; the police would be there, they said, in a few minutes. Some were already scouring the country. So I ascended into the great coach, sorrowfully; thinking what blight and desolation had of a sudden fallen upon the peaceful house. The stage-driver was impatient; he had had a hard time of it with his four struggling animals. They had been making the stones and gravel fly about furiously for the last quarter of an hour. The door was slammed to, the conductor had clambered up to his nook, the musical jingling, the crunching, the rumbling began again afresh, and the great vehicle moved onward. As we reached the top of the hill, we met six tall men in cocked hats and boots, and very white shoulder-belts. These were the police that had been sent for; now on their way to the old Yellow Tiger Inn.

How many years was it before I came by that road again, through the pleasant by-ways of France the Beautiful, as her sons and daughters like to call her? Close upon four, I think. This time I had been wandering over the country in true gipsey humor; casting about for ancient quiet little towns, removed from great highways and tourist profanities, where abound, choice street corners and maimed statues in broken arches and a rare fountain or so, with a certain primitiveness of dress and manners among its men and women by way of local coloring.

In an admirable specimen of this ancient town architecture, bearing the name of Monteeaux, I found myself one evening, after some three or four days sojourning, sitting by an open lattice and looking out on their chief street. This was in a furnished lodging over a little wine-shop, which I had secured at incredibly small charges.

The day's work was done, and it was a Saturday evening. Therefore were gathered about the street corner, many of the Monteeaux wise men taking their ease in the cool of the evening, and discussing the fair or festival nearest at hand.

Down the little street facing us (the patroness from her angle could command undisturbed prospect of no less than three streets) came tripping lightly a young girl in black, with a little black silk hood half drawn over her head. I saw her coming a long way off, even from the moment she had issued from the old house that hung so over upon the street. As she drew nearer, there came upon me suddenly a reminiscence. I thought I recollected something of that face and figure, and by the time she was passing under the window, I had placed her on a certain gallery just coming forth from the golden chamber, with the old Yellow Tiger as background. So I stooped over and called out softly "Fanchonette!"

She was a little startled, and looked up. It was Fanchonette beyond all mistake. She was not scared at being so accosted, but stopped still a moment to know what I might want.

"Fanchonette," I said, "don't you remember? How gets on the old Yellow Tiger and madame?"

She put her little finger to her forehead thoughtfully.

"Ah! I recollect it all now!" she said clapping her hands. "I recollect monsieur perfectly. Monsieur was there," she added sorrowfully, "all that terrible night."

"Wait a moment, Fanchonette," I said, "I am coming down to you." So I went down to meet Fanchonette—ungallantly enough—at the door. "Now, what has brought you to these parts?" I said. "Tell me all your little history, Fanchonette."

"Oh, monsieur!" she said, "I left the Yellow Tiger long since, and I now serve madame—the tall, dark lady, whose son was, alas! so miserably——"

"Ah! I remember that night well." And the young sweetheart, the golden-haired demoiselle, where was she?" I asked.

She had been in a convent since a long time back—in noviciate, Fanchonette believed. But had I not taken an interest in her—at least she thought so—and in the family? I had certainly, I said, and had often thought of them since. Ah! she was sure of it. She had noticed it in me that night when madame was recounting her history—and now, if I would be so good, so condescending, she said, putting up her hands, and actually trembling with eagerness, to come with her for one short quarter of an hour to her mistress. Oh! I did not know what a relief, what a raising up from despair, I should bring with me.

This was mysterious enough, but I said by all means; and so Fanchonette tripped on leading the way to a great house near by in the street. Arrived under its shadow, she lifted the latch softly, and, leaving me below, ran up to tell madame. She was away some five minutes, and then called over the stairs that monsieur was to mount, if he pleased. So I ascended a dark, winding staircase, such as are much found in such mansions, and was led along a low, narrow corridor into a large handsome room. Here, in a great gilt chair, (very tarnished though,) surrounded with cabinets and mirrors and clocks, and china of the pattern popular in the days of King Louis the Fifteenth, was Madame Lemoine, all in black, who sat back stiff and stern in her chair, regarding me closely as I came in. I knew her at once. She was just as I had seen her on the stairs of the Yellow Tiger, only her features had grown sharpened and pinched a little; her eyes, too, had now and then a sharp, restless glare. She looked at me hard for a few moments.

"Sit down, monsieur, sit down," she said, nervously, "here just beside me. Do you know that you can help us—that is, if you are willing to do so?"

I said that anything I could do for them, provided it fell within the next few days, they were heartily welcome to.

"Thanks, thanks, thanks!" she said many times over, with the same nervous manner. "You shall hear first what is wanted of you—not so very much after all. Rather, first what do you know of us, or must I go through the whole wretched story——?"

"If she alluded," I said, "to a certain fatal night some four years since, why——"

"Ah, true! I had been there. Fanchonette had told her all that. Well, monsieur," she went on, rubbing her thin fingers together, "how do you suppose my miserable life has been spent since then? What has been my food and nourishment all that while? Guess!"

I shook my head. I could not pretend to say what had been madame's occupation.

"Try! try!" she said, striking the smooth knob of her chair, her eyes ranging from object to object in the quick, restless way I had noticed. "What was the fittest employment for the poor broken-hearted mother? Come! Make a guess, monsieur!"

It had grown a little darker now, and there were shadows gathering round the upholstery of King Louis' day. For nearly a minute no one spoke, neither I, nor Fanchonette standing behind her mistress's chair, nor the grim lady herself waiting an answer so solemnly. Madame had been travelling, no doubt, I suggested.

"Right," said madame, "we have been travelling wearily: scouring the great continent of Europe from end to end. Poor Fanchonette is tired, and I am tired. Does monsieur"—here she stooped forward, peering nervously into my face;—"does monsieur ever recollect meeting—in any of the great public places, for instance—a man with light yellow moustaches, white teeth, and a false smile? Let monsieur see his description as officially drawn up, with proper signalment. Eyes, grey; nose, arched; height, medium; hair, yellow; and the rest of it. We have been travelling after him, monsieur."

I was now beginning to understand.

"Well," she went on, "we were hunting that shadow up and down, tracking those yellow moustaches hopelessly, without aid from any one, for how long, Fanchonette? Ah, for three years—yes! At the end of three years, monsieur—three weary years—we had hunted him down—tracked him home. It was time, though: full time! We had not strength for much more, Fanchonette?"

"Where did you find him then, madame?" I said.

"Ah! where? Why, in a lonely German town, at the foot of the mountains. But what use was it? We had no friends among the great ones, and could not lay a finger on him in that foreign country. All that was left to us was to keep watch over him until he should be drawn back again by his destiny—as they say such men always are drawn—to his own country. How long did we keep watch over him, there, Fanchonette?"

"For ten months, madame."

"For ten months, and then he departed, as I knew he would, and crept back to his own land. And now," she said, lowering her voice in a whisper, "he is close by us here—in the town of Dezieres, not five miles away—"

Madame paused here for a moment, still playing feverishly with the smooth knob of her chair.

"Here is what we would ask of you, if you would not think it too much. Fanchonette has been in this town and has brought back some idle story about its not being the man; no false smile, she says, nor yellow moustaches—as if he were fool enough to keep such tokens. Mon Dieu!" she added, lifting up her thin hands, "it shall turn out to be he, and no other. He is lying at this moment in Dezieres, awaiting for his hour."

"In what way, then, dear madame, would you have me assist you?"

"Fanchonette does not know this man, and my poor eyes are old and weak, and would not help me to know him. See us here, then, monsieur, two friendless women, and give us this help. Go into that town, see him, speak with him, probe his very soul, and if he turn pale, have them ready to rush in upon him. How were we to compass such things?"

I could only promise that I would set forth for Dezieres, not that Saturday night—it being far too late—but towards noon the next day, when she might depend on my best exertions. I was touched by the poor lady's sorrows and her pale, handsome countenance, so worn and sharpened with sorrows. It was hard to resist the piteous earnest look, with which she had waited for my answer.

"A troubled time you must have had of it, my poor girl," I said to Fanchonette, as we went down to the door.

"Ah, yes, monsieur," she said, "but we would have travelled to the world's end to find him. I have no fears. The good God will deliver him up to justice yet."

The next day was Sunday, a very bright morning it seemed to be.

Shortly after noontide, a sort of caleche sent over from Dezieres, departed by the northern side of the town. There were, inside of that caleche, Madame Lemoine, Mademoiselle Fanchonette, and myself. After all, madame had decided, almost at the last minute, to go forward to Dezieres, and wait there the progress of events.

In about an hour's time then, we were struggling slowly up the paved causeway that leads into that town; a much greater and more imposing place than Montceaux.

There is a gate, and there are officials there; at which spot we turned sharply to the right, making for a quiet and retired house of rest, known as the Son of France Inn. At the Son of France were set down madame and her attendant, whilst I went off on foot to the Three Gold Crowns, on certain business of my own.

At the door of that house of entertainment, I made inquiries of the landlord, in an easy, unconcerned manner; firstly, as to the hour they were accustomed to dine? Answer—five o'clock. Then, what company would one have at dinner? Why, there was M. Petit the advocate, and the lieutenant, and now, let him see—oh, yes! There was M. Falcon—not exactly stopping in the house; and there was M. Rabbe, professor of languages and belles-lettres, and—. Well, well, I say, so that any of them dined, I was content. Oh, yes, they would dine; monsieur might depend on that. M. Rabbe always dined. Good. Then I would be there at five.

I am interested in M. Rabbe, professor of languages and belles lettres. I am desirous of meeting M. Rabbe at dinner, and making his acquaintance. I walk up the street carelessly, thinking what manner of man he may turn out to be, when I am seized unaccountably with misgivings on the score of my passport. My passport, of all things in the world! Was it perfectly right? Would it do for such remote quarters as Dezieres? Who was to let me know concerning these things? I stop a passer-by, and inquire with civility for the Bureau of Passports. The passer-by is puzzled—not often coming in contact with such notions—he supposes I may hear of it at the Police. Yes; and the Police? Ah! that was in Rue Pot d'Etain—Tin Pot street that is—straight as I can go. Thanks. One thousand thanks!

I proceed, straight as I can go, into Tin Pot street, and discover the Police at once from the sign of a policeman hung out, as it were, at the door. Two other policemen are seated on a little bench under the window, enjoying the evening. I go up to the Sign, and ask if I may be allowed a few minutes' conversation with the chief. He looks hard at me, moving his hand over his chin with a rasping sound. Then, with a slow glance, he takes me in from head to foot, and under pretext of picking up a straw, contrives a private view of my back. The brethren on the bench have by this time drawn near, look me all over, and make rasping sounds on their chins. I repeat my request of being conducted to the presence of the chief. Upon which the Sign—clearly not knowing what to make of it—motions me to follow, and leads me into a little back room. The door is shut, and I am left alone with a gentleman behind a table—bald, and rather full in person—wearing a travelling cap tied with a bow of ribbon in front, and an ancient brown coat.

I have some curious conversation with the chief, for nearly half an hour. I find him a man of wonderful tact and knowledge. Indeed, how would he have got there at all were it otherwise? Strange to say, he has shown me some queer notes of his own making during the last two or three days. As I go away it seems settled that the chief will not dine at home that day; but has taken a fancy for trying the table at the Three Gold Crowns. He will dine much about the time we do, only he will be served in a little private room by himself. I am grieved at not having his company at the public table; for he is a man of wit and easy manners. But he has his little oddities, he says, and so shrugs me out.

At about ten minutes before five, I am ascending the stairs of the Three Gold Crowns. I find there the lieutenant, M. Falcon, M. Petit, but no M. Rabbe. The dinner begins, goes on, but no M. Rabbe. I am very much troubled.

Just as the soup is being taken away, I catch the sound of a distant step upon the stairs. Our host catches it, too; for he bids Antoine stay his hand, and leave the soup for M. Rabbe. For another moment, my heart is beating hard, and there enters some one bowing low, and full of soft apologies—a little warm, too, with the haste he has made—and wiping his forehead with his handkerchief. Ah, Fanchonette! For all that artificial strip of baldness reaching even to the back of the head; in spite of those shorn lips and cheeks; of that limp neckcloth, swathed in many folds and brought down upon the chest; of that bunch of seals; and the long black garment a shade seedy at the collar; I say you should have known M. Rabbe, in one second, at that comely German town! I would have picked him out of a thousand!

He was one of M. Petit's own circle of friends; for that gentleman saluted him heartily as he took his seat. A very agreeable man was M. Rabbe, and entertained us wonderfully for the rest of dinner; excepting that at times he had a peculiar manner of displaying his teeth, and I could not help fancying a yellow moustache just over them.

At last M. Petit, looking at his watch, discovers that he has important business elsewhere, and so departs with a bow that takes in all the company. The lieutenant rises about the same time; bethinking him of the little cafe in the Square of the town. Remain therefore, the M. Falcon, myself, and M. Rabbe; who says with a pleasant smile that he knows of a particular Volnay, now lying in our host's cellars, and would take leave to order up some, for our special tasting. At this moment there are sounds of movement behind the partition, and presently enters with bows, my friend the chief, with newspaper in one hand, and his glass and a slim wine-flask in the other, begging to be allowed to join the company. I confess I scarcely know the chief again. He is strangely metamorphosed, having now got up a little of the aspect of a town burgher in his Sunday suit; with a brusque local tone of speech. No traces here of the brown garment and the ancient travelling cap! He draws in his chair, looks round on us cheerfully, and I now see that the time for business is at hand.

"You do meet excellent wines"—I say, in continuation of the Volnay discussion—"in some of those little towns up and down the country."

"Ay," says the chief, holding his glass to the light, "and perhaps nowhere so good as in this town of ours."

"The gentleman is right," says M. Falcon, with an oath of the true English fashion—only in French—"let them match our wines if they can! Pardieu! I say what is known, and can be proved!"

"He has reason!" the chief says, glancing at me ever so little. "Trust to a clean country cabaret for pure honest wines!"

"Yes," I reply, "I have travelled over many leagues of France, and I think the best wines I have fallen in with, were at an old cabaret in the south."

"Where, if I may take the liberty?" the chief asks with interest.

"Let me see," I answer, reflecting, "it is so long since. Ah, to be sure—down near Troyes somewhere, at a house called the Yellow Tiger!"

M. Rabbe was about to drink when I began this speech. At the moment the words Yellow Tiger were spoken, his glass was not an inch from his lips. He started. His arm shook so violently, that the wine ran over his glass. Then he swallowed it all off—every drop, with a gulp—hastily to hide his white lips, and stole a cowering look round the table, just catching the chief in the act of leaning forward with his hands upon his knees, watching him with intense curiosity.

"What are you all looking at me for in this way?" he said, angrily.

"We are concerned for monsieur's health," says the chief, "lest he should be seized with sudden sickness. That name of Yellow Tiger seemed to have such strange effect."

M. Rabbe looks at him uneasily for a moment; then laughs more uneasily still, and fills out for himself another bumper of Volnay.

"To go back to this Yellow Tiger wine," says the chief, reaching over for the flask, "was it so good now, really?"

"Famous! And I ought to remember it well. For the night I drank it, there was murder done in the Yellow Tiger Inn!"

Again M. Rabbe's glass was stayed in its course, and the precious Volnay scattered on the floor. He was looking over at me with a painful, devouring expression, which I shall never forget.

"Monsieur must be unwell," says the chief, with anxiety; "the gentleman will recollect that I said so at first."

"I am very unwell," gasps M. Rabbe, staggering up on his feet, and not taking his eyes from me, "very unwell indeed. I shall go out into the fresh air, it will revive me."

"The thing of all others in the world," the chief says; "nothing is so good as the cool fresh air, with a little cologne water to the temples. Stay," says he, rising with good natured alacrity, "let monsieur lean on me, till he gets to the garden. He is weak evidently. Oh, there is nothing like the cool air!"

So the chief gets monsieur's arms under his own. They go out together, and the chief gives me one queer look from over his shoulder.

That evening it fell out that a strong party of policemen, with bayonets fixed and drawn closely round a hand-cuffed man, came past the Son of France Inn. There, a tall, thin lady in black stood at a front window. It was nearly certain, I was informed, that the destiny of the handcuffed man, would be resolved at the galleys at Brest.

☞ THE TRUE DISCOVERER.—That man is not the discoverer of any art who first says the thing; but he who says it so long, so loud, and so clearly that he compels mankind to hear him.—*Sydney Smith.*

☞ If you do good, forget it; if evil, remember and repent of it.

☞ Love as it is divine with loyalty, so it is hellish with jealousy.

☞ Unpleasant—a first rate appetite and nothing to eat. Quite as agreeable—plenty to eat and no appetite.

☞ The vanity of human life is like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.

☞ There's one thing I've observed in the course of my experience—when a man suspects all the world that's above him of roguery, he must be a pretty considerable—(rogue himself, whispered some critter standin' by loud enough for all to hear, and to set the whole party a chokin' with laughter)—judge of the article himself, says I.—*Sam Slick.*

THE KING'S PALACE AT DELHI.

[See Engraving.]

Delhi has a new interest at present from its being the scene of one of the recent massacres in India. The city is situated on the banks of a broad and deep river—the Jumna—upwards of 900 miles inland from Calcutta. It is one of the most picturesque and splendid of all the old East Indian cities. The architectures of the King's Palace (which forms the subject of our sketch,) will show that the notions about the barbarism of the Hindu, have little foundation. A high order of intellect and civilization must exist before such structures can spring from the mind of a people. This palace is a remarkable edifice, surrounded on three sides by an embattled wall thirty feet high, and *more than one mile in circumference*. In the opinion of Bishop Heber, it far surpasses the Kremlin in architectural beauty. The chief hall of audience is an open quadrangular terrace of white marble, richly ornamented with mosaic work and sculptures in relievo, and the chapel of Aurenzebe, also of white marble, although small, is of beautiful workmanship. The gardens, which were formed by Shah Jehan, are said to have cost £1,000,000. Their original character has long been completely lost, and they now present the appearance of a small, neat park, with some charming groves of orange trees.

It has been said of the Hindus, that they built like giants and finished their work like jewellers, and this is true of all their structures. Yet their most florid ornamentation is never in bad taste—always in keeping with the prevailing sentiment of their edifices.

The Emperor of Delhi, the representative of the great Timour, though still recognized by the British government as a sovereign prince, has long been shorn of all his grandeur, and except within his own palace exercises no attribute of royalty, though looked up to and regarded by all the Mahommedan population of India with respect and attachment. He is allowed £130,000 a year from the revenue of certain districts, but much of it is in reality spent in his name by the British resident. Exquisite justice! The shrinking modesty and sensitive honor of a British Barnacle are really overwhelming.

THE KING'S PALACE AT DELHI.

THE HABITS OF THE SEAL.

The seal is endowed with a remarkably powerful brain development, and is gifted with an amount of sagacity which entitles him to take high rank even among domestic animals. He is easily tamed, and evinces a degree of attachment in domestication, second only to man's most faithful friend, the dog. This is noticed by Pliny; and Cuvier describes one displaying much intelligence, and performing many tricks. Thus, when desired to raise himself on his extremity, and to take a staff between his flippers, like a sentinel, he obeyed the word of command; he would also lie down on his right side, or on his left, as directed, or tumble head over heels. He gave a flipper as a dog gives a paw, and protruded his lips for a kiss. This attachment to their masters, and particularly to those who are in the habit of feeding them, may have been observed by the pleasing instance of the late seal in the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens, which, as many of our readers may have remarked, evinced a remarkable degree of *activity* and *sense* when the keeper was in sight. But probably the most convincing, as it certainly is the most affecting story of the domestic nature and attachment of the *Phoca vitulina*, or common seal, is the following story, which is well authenticated:—"A young seal was domesticated in the house of a farmer near the sea shore in Ireland. It grew apace; its habits were innocent and gentle; it played with the children, was familiar with the servants, and attached to the house and family. In summer its delight was to bask in the sun; in winter, to lie before the fire; or, if permitted, to creep into a large oven—the common appendage to an Irish kitchen. A particular disease attacked the black cattle, many of which died. An old hag persuaded the credulous owner that the mortality among his cattle was owing to his retaining about his house an unclean beast—the harmless and amusing seal—and that it should be got rid of. The superstitious man caused the poor creature to be carried in a boat beyond Clare Island, and thrown into the sea. The next morning the seal was found quietly sleeping in the oven. He had crept through an open window and taken possession of his favorite retreat. The cattle continued to die; the seal was again committed to the deep at a greater distance. On the second evening, as the servant was raking the kitchen fire, she heard a scratching at the door; she opened it, and in came the seal. It uttered a peculiar cry, expressive of delight, at finding itself once more at home; and, stretching itself on the hearth, fell into a sound sleep. The old hag was again consulted. She said it would be unlucky to kill the animal, but advised that its eyes should be put out, and then thrown into the sea. The deluded wretch listened to the barbarous suggestion, and the innocent creature was deprived of its sight; and a third time, writhing in agony, was carried beyond Clare Island, and thrown into the sea. On the eighth night after the harmless seal had been devoted to the Atlantic, it blew a tremendous gale. In the pauses of the storm a wailing noise was at times faintly heard at the door, which the servant concluded to be the *banshee* (the herbinger of death in a family.) The next morning, when the door was opened, the seal was found lying dead upon the threshold."—*Weld's Vacations in Ireland.*

A Startling Incident at a Ball.—An event once occurred at Port Louis, near L'Orient, France, which created much sensation in that neighborhood. A young lady who was waltzing at a ball suddenly felt the hand of her partner become of an icy coldness; she looked at his features, and beholding a deadly paleness, and the muscles of his countenance dreadfully distorted, she gave a cry and lost her senses. Both the dancers lay prostrate on the ground. Every one ran to their assistance, and by degrees she was recovered from her fainting fit, but when they attempted to raise her partner he was a corpse. The young lady long remained in a distressing state of mind; she maintained her dancer had ceased to exist for several seconds, and that she had waltzed round the room with a corpse.

A POPULAR PREACHER.

Under this caption, Chambers's Journal has an account of the preaching of the famous English exhorter, the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, whom it describes under the name of Boanerges. Here is an extract:—

A middle-sized, unhandsome person, not above twenty-five years old at most, heavy-featured, rather flat-faced, straight-haired—but with what a voice! Without effort, without perceptible lift even, it filled that mighty temple with a volume of sound. A short opening prayer, somewhat remarkable for metaphor, was followed by a hymn, which a man with a tuning-fork gave out from the orchestra seats, and the select few thereon began to sing; one not well-known to us, or in which most of the congregation could join, being selected from some dissenting psalm-book; but, even, as it was, the aggregate of voices made up a most impressive harmony. The preacher subsequently referred to this when speaking of "the voice of many waters, and the voice of a great thunder, and the voice of harpers harping with their harps," as also to his own sensations at different times when under such influences; and indeed, he seemed to well understand what modern divines have mostly yet to learn, that an example from their own experience, or drawn from the present circumstances of their audience is worth a thousand metaphors from earth, and sea, and sky. Boanerges never missed an illustration because of its homeliness, and, leaving abstract virtues and vices to abstract men and women, addressed himself to folks of flesh and blood. "When I say *mammon*, I don't mean idle dukes or greedy merchant princes; my small adulterating shopkeeper, I mean *you*." And again, upon the importance of seeming trifles: "There is many a man who will lose a thousand pounds without a murmur, and yet blaspheme about a shirt button." In the prayer before the sermon, he touched upon the subjects at present interesting the national mind, expressing in a brief, rough manner, too, the healthy popular opinion upon most things. For the country, for the Queen, he prayed; for the confounding of despots, and for peace; and for the high court of parliament, "that it may do this coming session something, and not nothing, and that it may be vouchsafed, if it be but a little, wisdom." Before this prayer, he gave a short exposition of the hundred and third psalm, more remarkable for eloquence than learning, in which he rejected, somewhat violently, the eagle's renewal of its youth as a wicked fable, and limited the parallel to the ordinary process of moulting; then followed more singing, and then the sermon, which was taken from the Revelations. It is not of course my purpose to repeat it; my only intention has been, and is, to give a brief impartial account of the public preaching of a very remarkable man. Now that I have been to hear him, and since scarcely any of my acquaintance have had the same opportunity, I feel that there is something to be said for Boanerges as well as against him. He seems to me to be thoroughly in earnest, to have great command of language, and to know his way to the feelings of his congregation; at all events, he knows their weaknesses, and attacks them boldly, face to face, without any masked batteries whatever; while that great voice of his is rolling over their heads, there is not a sound to interrupt or weaken it; and when he pauses to refresh himself at his glass of water, a tempest of coughing and nose-blowing proclaims at once the willing patience and real attention of his hearers. I know many wittier men than Boanerges, and I know one or two as eloquent, but I know none who could have preached such passages as this man did without a trace of flippant profanity, and with all appearance of religious earnestness: "The name that was written upon the foreheads of the saints—what was it? B for Baptist, do you imagine my friend Bigot yonder? W for Wesleyan? C for Calvinist? E, perhaps, for the establishment? *It does not say so here.* If you asked of the angel who keeps the gates of paradise whether there are any Baptists within-side, he'd shake his head. Any Calvinists?—he would not so much as look at you. Any of the establishment?—he'd answer: '*Nothing of the sort.*' They would all be there indeed, perhaps, my friends, but not in miserable sects and parties: they would be all Christians—saints." There are many such—I was almost going to write "hits"—striking illustrations during this sermon, the whole of which was upon that "very disagreeable but true doctrine, my friends, *although indeed I am none of your strait-gate and narrow-way people*—election."

Finally, if I had to answer that before-mentioned tract called "Why is Boanerges Popular?" I should answer, that he is so mainly because he combines real eloquence with what Luther possessed, and Latimer possessed, and which no modern preacher, except Boanerges, perhaps *does* possess—earnest religious *humor*.

THE PASSING SUMMER.

Somewhere about the middle of August, a quick sensibility to natural influences may always catch a vague mistiness in the moonlight and a faint touch of passing-away in the odor of the leaves, which speak of the coming autumn. Rich and golden-bright as is this summer, I was conscious of the silent prophecy of decay of which I speak, *several* evenings ago. It comes with the convolvuluses, when the geraniums seem to burn redder. None of our poets has so finely seized the influence I speak of as William Allingham, in his "Thrania,"—verses which have always had an extraordinary charm for me, and can do no less than please you also:—

Oh, Unknown Beloved One! to the mellow season
Branches in the lake make drooping bowers;
Vase and plot burn scarlet, gold and azure,
Honeysuckles wind the tall gray turret,
And pale passion flowers.
Come thou, come thou, to my lonely thought,
Oh, Unknown Belov'd One.

Now, at evening twilight, dusky dew down-wavers,
Soft stars crown the grove-encircled hill;
Breathe the new-mown meadows, broad and misty;
Through the heavy grass the rail is talking;
All beside is still.
Trace with me the wandering avenue,
Oh, Unknown Belov'd One.

In the mystic realm, and in the time of visions,
I, thy lover, have no need to woo;
Then I hold thy hand in mine, thou dearest,
And thy soul in mine, and feel its throbbing,
Tender, deep and true;
Then my tears are love, and thine are love,
Oh, Unknown Belov'd One.

Is thy voice a wavelet on the listening darkness?
Are thine eyes unfolding from their veil?
Will thou come before the signs of Winter—
Days that shred the boughs with trembling fingers,
Nights that weep and wail?
Art thou Love indeed, or art thou Death,
Oh, Unknown Belov'd One.

Can you forget that after having read it once? If so, there is more hope of a fool than of you—as the wise man said.—*Anon.*

Pleasure of Reading.—Of all the amusements that can possibly be imagined for a working man, after daily toil, or in the intervals, there is nothing like reading a newspaper or a book. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which already he has had enough, perhaps too much. It relieves his home of dullness and sameness. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work, and gives him something to think of besides the mechanical drudgery of his every-day occupation; something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward to with much pleasure. If I were to pray for a taste which would stand by me under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against all its ills, however things may go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.—*Sir John Herschell.*

How Great Men Become Great.—A great man is always willing to be little. Whilst he sits on the cushion of advantages, he goes to sleep. When he is pushed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something; he has been put on his wits, on his manhood; he has gained facts; learns his ignorance; is cured of the insanity of conceit; has got moderation and real skill. The wise man always throws himself on the side of his assailants. It is more his interest than it is theirs to find his weak point. The wound cicatrizes, and falls off from him like a dead skin, and when they would triumph, lo! he has passed on invulnerable. As long as all that is said is said against me, I feel a certain assurance of success. But as soon as honied words of praise are spoken for me, I feel as one that lies unprotected before his enemies.—*Emerson.*

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Charles Phillips, the veteran English barrister—the oldest and most celebrated lawyer now at the English bar—thus expresses himself in a recent pamphlet on Capital Punishment, with regard to the character of criminal executions in Great Britain:

It is frightful to look back on the penal code of England as it stood even in our own day.—True, the laws were not of our own enacting, but those cruel laws were of our own retention. True, wholesale massacres did not occur as formerly, but even latterly executions were frequent enough to shock humanity, and for offences so disproportionable as to make it shudder. Many who are still alive might have exclaimed with Lord Coke, and justly, "What a lamentable case it was, indeed, to see so many Christian men and women strangled on that cursed tree of the gallows; insomuch that if in a large field a man might see together all the Christians that in one year, throughout England, came to an untimely and ignominious death, if there were any spark of grace or charity in him, it would make his heart to bleed with pity and compassion." Would this have been one whit less applicable within our own memories, when the Bank of England issued their £1 notes, and Mammon sacrificed his human hecatombs at the Old Bailey? Draco, the archon of Athens, who, about 2,500 years ago, proclaimed it as his opinion that the "smallest crimes deserved death, and he could find no other punishment for the greatest," has come down to us as the very incarnation of cruelty. Every schoolboy's heart throbs more quickly at his name. And so be it—let his time-dishonored memory carry down with it, for centuries to come, an accumulating infamy. But still let us be just. Let even Draco have his due. The glorious ray of the Gospel had not reached his mind, nor had its tones of charity ever touched his heart. It was heathen ignorance, and pagan ferocity, which distorted his code. Under Christianity, however, or rather in its despite, Draco has had his rivals; for, alas! in England, a kindred spirit animated our legislation. For the theft of an apple, Draco decreed death—so did we for the theft of a pocket-handkerchief. Hanging was civilized, Christian England's universal panacea—her legislative specific. And this she generously imported into Ireland. "On one occasion," says Mr. O'Connell, "there were one hundred individuals tried before one judge; of these, ninety-eight were capitally convicted, and ninety-seven of them hanged."* We hanged for everything—for a shilling—for five shillings—for forty shillings—for five pounds—for cutting down a sapling! We hanged for a sheep—for a horse—for cattle—for coining—for forgery—even for witchcraft—for things that were, and things that could not be. Coke's "cursed tree of the gallows" was planted, and prospered in every county throughout the land; and Christian men and women swung on it, "thick as the leaves in Vallambrosa."

With the exception of witchcraft, this code continued down even to our day. For that imaginary and parliamentary offence, one contribution to the "cursed tree" was an offering of two old women,† by Sir Matthew Hale, the good and wise and learned Lord Chief Justice. And all this he unquestionably was; yet he hanged the poor old women notwithstanding. What a lesson ought this to teach! If wisdom and worth and learning, such as our judgment-seat has seldom seen combined, could, under a delusive sense of duty, perpetrate an outrage such as this, so revolting to common-sense, so fatal and so remediless, how careful ought we to be to withhold such a power from a tribunal, so fallible even when most perfect!

Some of our punishments, too, seem to have been the invention not of human beings, but of fiends. Take that for high treason. In Captain Walcott's case, a convict for the Rye House Plot, his heir brought a writ of error, after his father's execution, and the judgment was reversed by the King's Bench; which reversal was affirmed by the House of Lords, because the judgment had omitted to say that *the bowels of the prisoner should be taken out and burned before his eyes, while he was yet alive!*

* Speech in Rex v. Magee, p. 101.

† The names of these poor creatures, both widows, were Amy Duny and Rose Callender; they died protesting their innocence, as they well might. This happened at Bury St. Edmund's.

AUTUMN LANDSCAPE.

October skies are misty, cool and gray,
The valleys emptied of their latest sheaf,
The meadow of its mounds; a noble grief
Has bevelled the woods in their decay;
How many colors on the falling leaf
Encurtaining our solemn hills to-day,
Whose afternoon is hush'd, and wintry brief!
Only a robin sings from any spray,
And Night sends up her pale, cold moon, and spills
White mist around the hollows of the hills,
Phantoms of firth or lake; the peasant sees
His cot and stackyard, with the homestead trees,
Inisolanded; but no vain terror thrills
His perfect harvesting: he sleeps at ease.

THE BOAR OF YORK.

An amusing anecdote is told of an English actor who, with features formed to express every comic emotion, and a fund of humor to "set the table in a roar," was yet obstinately bent on being a tragedian. Having completed an engagement at Natchez, he availed himself of the privilege of a benefit, and selected Richard for the occasion. He was a man of some research, and remembered the attention paid by George Frederick Cooke to the minute matters of the piece, more especially the introduction of a banner with the "boar," a cognizance of the house of York, which in all the latter scenes was carried by an attendant, and elevated immediately behind him on his taking his position on the stage. For some days preceding the important night, the hero of our story had carefully examined the scenery, properties, &c., of the establishment, without discovering the boar in question. He was told by the manager that other actors had dispensed with the desired banner, but it was at length decreed that the same should be painted. The artist of the theatre was a young Kentuckian of promising talent, and his good offices were appealed to for a formidable representation of the monster. On the night preceding the benefit, the "leading man" was the life of a party, comprising many of his brother actors and their patrons, who had retired after the performances to a neighboring tavern. The song and jest went round, and the painter, who was of the company, was profuse in anecdote and marvellous stories, all bearing upon the superiority of Kentucky, which, by his description, seemed to be the veritable land flowing with milk and honey. "Ah!" said the comic tragedian, "that's the country where quartern loaves grow on the trees, and the pigs run about ready roasted, with a knife and fork stuck in them, crying, 'Come, eat me!'" Now, ancient as this joke may be, it was received with loud applause and satisfaction by all but the scenic artist. The ensuing morning came, and Richard was all "himself;" the supernumeraries were rehearsed, the banners and properties displayed, but the important one was missing. He rushed to the artist's room, and was told that at night he might depend upon its being ready. The morning was then devoted to drilling an attendant, as to the manner and precise time of hoisting the banner over the ideal monarch at night. The painter had, in fact, almost forgotten both boar and banner, until his attention was drawn to it by a recollection of the laugh at his expense on the preceding evening, and in a moment a plan of revenge was concocted. In the evening the house was crowded, and all went smoothly until the commencement of the fifth act. Richard was in a high state of excitement, having all but achieved the accomplishment of his wishes. Having to change a portion of his dress, he arrived at the wing in time only to hear the flourish that announced his approach, and to observe that his soldiers had formed in a row, with the banners edgeways to the audience, ready to display them, on his appearance. "Is the boar all right?" said he, hurriedly, to the prompter. "Beautiful, sir," replied that functionary. "Here pitch we our tent, even in Bosworth field," commenced our hero. Whirl went the banner borne by the well-drilled attendant, and in one moment, as if by magic, every countenance in the front relaxed into a broad grin, and roars of laughter, which swelled into a universal shout, palsied the efforts of the aspiring actor. He looked fiercely on his companions, one of whom, he felt satisfied, had been guilty of some incongruity, and advanced more to the front to free himself from their proximity. Faithful to his morning's instructions, the banner-man followed in his wake, and again the yell was renewed. Approaching the footlights, Richard prepared himself to address the audience. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, but in vain; the merry storm was up, and shouts of laughter rendered his appeal inaudible. Disgusted and annoyed, he at length turned his back contemptuously on his benefactors, and facing his gallant followers, fixed his eyes with astonishment and horror on the fatal cause of the uproar. Firm at his post, unshaken by the din, stood the well-instructed banner-bearer, whilst raised on high was the cognizance of York—slightly altered, it is true, from the original design, being in a rampant position, with the addition of a long curly tail, a large knife and fork thrust in the back, and from its mouth, by way of motto, protruded the words, "Come, eat me!" Rushing on the attendants, he demolished with his ready sword the memento of the painter's vengeance, and the curtain fell amidst a mingled call for Richard and the "Boar of York."—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

The Origin of Dragon Stories.—Immediately after the drainage of the Lincolnshire Fens commenced, there was a greater prevalence of aguish complaints among the inhabitants of the surrounding district than before; but since it has been completed, agues, and all that class of diseases, have almost entirely disappeared. When the wet muddy surface was first left bare, *malaria* arose from it; but, as the moisture exhaled, the *malaria* ceased. Perhaps there are in no part of England so many legends about *dragons* and *dragon-slayers* as in Lincolnshire. This title was formerly given to persons who by skill and industry, perfected works of drainage, and thereby removed the cause of sickness and disease, typified in ancient times as dragons or destroyers. Instances of traditions of dragon-slayers occur at Ludford, Middle Rasin, Walmsgate, Buslingthorpe, &c. We know of none in this immediate neighborhood; and the reason is obvious, for the dragons were not slain until the days of tradition and fable had ceased. John Rennie was the great dragon-slayer in the Fens of Lincolnshire."—*Thompson's History and Antiquities of Boston, England.*

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Some of the dresses most recently made up are very prettily trimmed. We may mention, among others, a dress of pale-gray silk, figured with narrow stripes in green satin. The front of the skirt is ornamented with a trimming, consisting of bows of narrow green ribbon striped with black velvet. This trimming is disposed in the *tablier* form, and reaches from the edge of the skirt to the waist. The corsage has a basque, the ends of which in front are sloped off, so as not to interfere with the trimming in front of the skirt. The sleeves are formed of a puff and a deep frill, and they are trimmed with passementerie ornaments of green silk. Another dress is composed of black and white chequered silk. It is made with two skirts, and both are trimmed up the front with rows of black velvet placed one above another. At each extremity the rows of black velvet are fixed by a button. An extremely elegant dress is composed of mallow-color silk. It is trimmed with five flounces, each bordered with mallow-color ribbon, edged on both the upper and lower sides with black lace. A fichu of black lace, trimmed with mallow-color ribbon, will be occasionally worn with the last mentioned dress.

The bonnets prepared for the country include one having the front formed of pale gray straw, and the crown of green silk covered with black lace. The crown is encircled by a series of loops of green ribbon and black lace, and the front is edged with a bias row of green silk. Bouquets of daisies are intermingled with the inside trimming. Some bonnets of white straw have been trimmed round the crown with wreaths of flowers. One is ornamented with a wreath of ivy, and another with a wreath of blue corn flowers. Wreaths and bouquets of verbena have been much employed for ornamenting bonnets of gray straw. The fashions for children are much as they were when we last adverted to the subject. The recent preparations for the country include some little dresses of light texture for very young children. Among them is a dress of jacconet ornamented with needlework, which is destined for a little girl of two or three years of age. It has a double skirt; the upper one, in the form of a tunic, with the corners rounded, is edged round with a row of scolloped needlework. The corsage is low and ornamented with rows of needlework, and with *bretelles*, also embroidered in a pattern corresponding with the rest of the dress. The short sleeves consist of frills of needlework. A coral necklace, worn with a white dress, is a suitable ornament for a child of the age above-mentioned. A dress, consisting of a skirt and jacket of nankin, ornamented with white braid, has just been made for a boy between four and five years of age. A fashionable walking costume, prepared for a girl about the age of eight, is composed of a dress of bright blue silk, without trimming; a basquine of black silk, trimmed with grelots, having the skirt rather full and long; a straw bonnet trimmed on the outside with bows of blue ribbon of the same tint as the dress. The trimming in the inside consists of blonde and a wreath of blue flowers.—*London Lady's Paper, Aug. 1st.*

Useful Receipts.

To Prevent Fermentation in Cider.—Take a pint of pulverised charcoal, and put it in a small cotton bag; then drop it into a barrel of new cider, and the cider will never ferment, never contain any intoxicating quality and the longer the cider is kept the more palatable it will become. (Doubtful, but worth trying.)

To Prevent Borers from Injuring Apple and Peach Trees, &c.—Take a strip of "tea lead," (such as is found in tea chests,) two or four inches wide, and wrap it very loosely about the tree, putting a part of it a little below the surface of the ground, where the borer usually makes his incision. I have found the lead covering to be a complete protection against the pest of many of our fruit trees.—*Worcester Spy.*

Washing Calicoes.—The following method of washing dresses of printed muslin, so as to preserve the colors, is recommended by competent authority: The dress should be washed in lather, and not in the usual way, by applying the soap direct upon the muslin. Make a lather by boiling some soap and water together. Let it stand until it is sufficiently cool for use. Previously to putting the dress into it, throw in a handful of salt. Rinse the dress, without wringing it, in clear cold water into which a little salt has been thrown. Remove it, and rinse it again in a fresh supply of clear cold water and salt. Then wring the dress in a cloth and hang it to dry immediately, spreading it out as open as possible, so as to prevent any part lying over another. Should there be any white in the pattern, mix a little blue in the water.

Lime in the Eye.—If quicklime gets into the eye, so as to darken the cornea by the penetrating the coating itself, the best remedy is water saturated with sugar.

Potatoes Fried in Slices.—Peel large potatoes, slice them about a quarter of an inch thick, or cut them into shavings, as you would peel a lemon; dry them well in a clean cloth, and fry them in lard or dripping. Take care that the fat and frying-pan are quite clean; put it on a quick fire, and as soon as the lard boils, and is still, put in the slices of potato, and keep moving them until they are crisp; take them up, and lay them to drain on a sieve. Send them to table with a little salt sprinkled over them. They are good done in this way.

For Restoring Faded Parasols.—Sponge the faded silk with warm water and soap, then rub it with a dry cloth, afterwards iron on the *inside* with a smoothing iron. If the silk be old it may be improved by sponging with spirits, in which case the ironing should be done on the *right* side; thin paper being spread over to prevent glazing. Of course, this is applicable to any silk.

The Only Way to Pickle Salmon.—Take a whole fish, bone it, and cut it in pieces, (good-sized square ones,) place them in a jar with salt, allspice, and whole pepper; then tie bladder on the top to prevent any water getting in, put it into a saucepan of boiling water, let it keep so for two hours, then take it out, and when quite cold, add as much cold vinegar as there is liquor, and the salmon will be delicious.

TO MY WIFE.

[The following exquisite love-song is the composition of Joseph Brennan, a young Irishman, one of the exiles of '48, who died recently of consumption in New Orleans at the age of eight-and-twenty. Nothing could be more beautiful than this ballad—which ought to be set to music, since only the voice of the "sweet singer" can do justice to its tender pathos and passion.]

Come to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee,
Day-time and night-time I'm thinking about thee,
Night-time and day-time in dreams I behold thee—
Unwelcome the waking which ceases to fold thee.
Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten,
Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten,
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly,
Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy!

Swallows will flit round the desolate ruin,
Telling of Spring and its joyous renewing;
And thoughts of thy love and its manifold treasure
Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure.
Oh, Spring of my spirit, oh, May of my bosom,
Shine out on my soul till it bourgeon and blossom—
The waste of my life has a rose-root within it,
And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can win it.

Figures that moves like a song through the even—
Features lit up by a reflex of heaven—
Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother,
Where shadow and sunshine are chasing each other;
Smiles coming seldom, but childlike and simple,
And opening their eyes from the heart of a dimple;
Oh, thanks to the Saviour, that even thy seeming
Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming!

You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened—
Dear, are you sad now to hear I am saddened?
Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love,
As octave to octave and rhyme unto rhyme, love—
I cannot weep but your tears will be flowing—
You cannot smile but my cheek will be glowing—
I would not die without you at my side, love—
You will not linger when I shall have died, love.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow,
Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow;
Strong, swift, and fond as the words which I speak, love,
With a song on your lip and a smile on your cheek, love,
Come, for my heart in your absence is weary—
Hasten, for my spirit is sickened and dreary—
Come to the arms which alone should caress thee—
Come to the heart which is throbbing to press thee!

GREENHILL HALL.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY MRS. C. CROWE,

AUTHOR OF "SUSAN HOPLEY," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

The sun rose bright and clear on the 3rd of April, 18—. In those good old times April was April, and spring was spring; now, as the French say, *Nous avons changé tout cela*, and they are things that poets sing of; but when the inhabitants of Doncaster exclaimed:—"What a beautiful day for Emmeline Larpent's wedding!" not a few hinted that it would perhaps prove true April weather, and that the smiles of the morning might be turned to tears before night.

Weddings are awful things, and if people deliberated as so solemn an occasion seems to demand, I really think there would not be many. But it does not do "to consider these things too seriously;" the world would never move on if we all stopped short in a brown study, weighing the *pros* and *cons* of vital questions. However, there is no danger on this side; nature has provided us with impulses and passions to urge us forward; and it is wonderful, considering how little we look before us, that things are not much worse than they are.

It must be admitted that Emmeline had not erred on the side of too much reflection; but when she woke that morning, and remembered that it was her wedding-day, something like a pang shot through her breast; probably the first she had ever felt in her life. There lay the bridal dress in fascinating array; the title and the carriage would be hers in a few hours, and she would be one of the great ladies of the county, instead of the obscure inhabitant of a country town. But this husband that she did not know, and that must be taken into the bargain—there was the dark spot in this splendid panorama; and now that his actual presence impended, and she could not put him aside from her thoughts, she felt quite depressed. If he had been young and handsome; but she knew that he was old and ugly, like the grave papas that sat at the whist-table, whilst she and her companions danced and flirted with their sons.

However, there was no retreating now, even if she had wished it; and probably, had the opportunity been offered her, she would not have availed herself of it. The bridal costume was exceedingly elegant, and there stood the dressmaker who had fashioned it, to superintend the toilette. So, on, Emmeline, there's no time to pause! On, on to your destiny, whatever it be!

The ceremony was to be performed at noon, after which Mr. Larpent was to have the honor of entertaining his son-in-law, not at a *déjeuner*, but at a dinner; for at that period of history the world did not dine so late as they do now. The house, therefore, was in a great flurry and bustle, and there was a strong smell of roast mutton and potatoes as early as half-past eleven; when the bride, in her bridal array, was sitting in the drawing-room waiting for her bridegroom, and her father was superintending the drawing of the corks and the spreading of the table, assisted by a lad hired for the occasion, the lawyer's establishment being but on a humble scale; and Arthur, poor Arthur! who had declined an invitation to the wedding, lending a helping but unwilling hand wherever he was required. At last the door of the room where Emmeline was sitting opened, and Arthur peeped in.

"Alone?" he said, taking a seat beside her. "Everything is ready now, and your father is gone to dress. I suppose *he* will be here presently, and then I must not speak to you, or even approach you—never again, Emmeline, never again!" and the poor boy, who had been restraining his feelings all the morning before Mr. Larpent, fairly burst into tears.—"You will despise me for crying like a woman—I know it's very weak—but oh, Emmeline!"

"No, I don't," said the girl, crying too; for feeling in a very depressed state of spirits, her tears were ready enough. "I'm sure I'm not too happy. Now the time's come, I wish I hadn't going to be married at all. If he's as cross as you say, I shall certainly come back to papa; you see if I don't!"

"Sir Theobald Maxwell and Mr. Moneypenny!" cried the extempore footman, suddenly opening the door.

The young people rose in confusion, Emmeline wiping her eyes; whilst Arthur, with an utter want of presence of mind, hastily quitted the room.

"Wha's that?" asked Sir Theobald, slowly turning round to look after him.

"That is young Lupton," replied Mr. Moneypenny, who was the baronet's agent. "He is in Mr. Larpent's office."

Sir Theobald continued looking at the door for a second or two, and then he turned to Emmeline, who, confused and shy, stood trembling by the sofa from which she had risen.

"I'll go and see where Mr. Larpent is, and if the deed's ready," said Mr. Moneypenny, with a delicate consideration for the bride and bridegroom.

"Is yon laddie son to Mr. Lupton, of Greenhill Hall?" inquired the latter.

"Yes, sir," answered Emmeline.

His brow was overcast; however, he said no more on the subject, but surveying her from head to foot as a man would look at a horse, he told her she was a braw lassie, and that he had brought her a braw present from London; whereupon he drew a gold chain from his pocket, which awkwardly, with his great heavy hands, he clasped round her fair neck; and then suiting the action to the word, told her to gie him a buss.

It is not necessary to describe the young lady's feelings on the occasion of this first salute of love, and not being in the habit of controlling their manifestations, she evinced too plainly the disgust it inspired. A quarrel, which might have happily stopped further proceedings, would have probably ensued, but that some friends who were invited to the wedding at that moment arrived, and she, taking advantage of their entering the room, rushed out of it, and flew up stairs to her father.

Mr. Larpent was just finishing his toilette, when his daughter suddenly entered, and flinging herself into his arms, declared that she could not and would not marry Sir Theobald. Here was the dreadful crisis that he secretly dreaded, but had hoped to avoid. Nevertheless, he affected the greatest astonishment and horror; asked her what, in heaven's name, she meant; if she was gone out of her mind, and if she intended to cover him with eternal disgrace, and make herself the laughing-stock of the whole town. Emmeline answered that she hated him, that she should break her heart, and that she should die. To which her father responded that these were the notions of a silly child; that she would be very happy when she got accustomed to Sir Theobald and knew him a little better; that he had made a handsome settlement upon her, and that, if she took pains to manage him well, she might entirely have her own way; finally, that to give such mortal offence to the baronet would be the ruin of himself, for he should lose his business, and perhaps everybody else's; and that to draw back now, when the settlements were all but signed, and the clergyman waiting in the church, was simply impossible. Then he coaxed her and kissed her, entreated her not to disgrace her family, and taking advantage of his prematurely gray hairs, conjured her not to bring them with sorrow to the grave.

What could a girl of sixteen, with the bridal wreath round her head and the bridal veil over her shoulders, say to all this? With nobody to help her, nobody to advise, nobody to sustain, what could she do but weep? Then he rang the bell, and desired the servant to request Mrs. Moneypenny to walk up stairs; and when she came, he committed his daughter to her management, his own presence being urgently required below. Mr. Moneypenny was a Glasgow W. S., and the agent for the Glengree property, who, having business about that, and other matters in the south, happened to be upon the spot at this critical period. It would be useless to detail the lady's treatment of her patient, which chiefly consisted in magnifying the greatness and antiquity of the Maxwell family, and, with uplifted hands and eyes, expressing her profound amazement at anybody's undervaluing *sic* an honor!

While this scene was acting above, the settlements were produced and read below, Mr. Larpent taking an opportunity of whispering to the baronet that he hoped he would excuse the shyness and timidity of his daughter, who was a mere child, fondly attached to her father, and not unnaturally overcome at the impending separation.

"Now, Emmeline, my love," said Mr. Larpent, hastily opening the door, "you are wanted below to sign the settlements. Wipe your eyes, you silly girl, and come along."

"Stop," cried Mrs. Moneypenny; "let me bathe them with a little cold water."

But it was of no use, the hot tears would flow, and, trusting to the apology he had made for her, he hurried his daughter down stairs, aware that the greatest danger he had to encounter was delay.

"Come, cheer up, Emmeline, there's a good girl; cheer up, for my sake," said Mr. Larpent, as he opened the door, and in they went.

Everybody advanced and shook hands with the bride, those who really pitied her, putting on smiling faces, as well as those who did not; for there were some there, who, having daughters of their own, though they loudly condemned Mr. Larpent, were secretly jealous that the chance had not fallen to them. They congratulated her, and remarked how pretty her dress was; then whispered to each other that she had been crying, adding, "that it was no wonder." In the meanwhile Mr. Larpent led Emmeline up to the table, put a pen in her hand, and pointing with his finger to a pencil-mark on the parchment, told her to sign her name there. Without raising her eyes, only wiping away the tears that blinded them, she obeyed.

"Now, if you please, Sir Theobald, the carriages are at the door, I believe; I'll take my daughter."

And he hurried her down stairs, and into the carriage, Sir Theobald following with Mrs. Moneypenny.

Emmeline never said a word, but wept on in silence; whilst her father expostulated and consoled by turns, assuring her that she would be very happy by and by, and that whilst she was crying her eyes out on her wedding-day all the girls in the place were ready to do the same with envy and her good luck. Emmeline made no further remonstrance—she felt the time for it was past—and passively she submitted to be handed out of the carriage and led up the aisle to the altar, and passively she underwent the ceremony that made her Sir Theobald Maxwell's wife. She never raised her head, and appeared more like a nun taking the veil than a bride. She returned alone with her husband; and people who stood in the street, watching the procession, observed that she sat in a corner of the carriage with her handkerchief to her eyes, and that Sir Theobald was not seen to speak to her.

The moment the carriage stopped at her father's house and the door was opened, she jumped out, and rushed up stairs to her own bedroom. Her thoughts were desperate. A child who had never known sorrow, who was utterly ignorant of life as it is, who had never reflected and never been taught to reflect, who had lived upon the surface of things, and had not once lifted a corner of the veil to see what was beneath—now, suddenly her eyes were opened, the veil was lifted, and she saw deep down into that dark cavern of woe into which she was sinking. If she had had laudanum she would have swallowed it then. She looked round the room for some means of speedy death; there was only the window; she threw it up, and measured the height with a glance, but her courage failed her. Many a woman could put a vial of laudanum to her lips who could not dare such a leap. Then the sun shone, the early flowers glittered in his beams, and a blackbird perched on a spray was singing a sweet strain to his mate hatching her eggs hard by. It was hard to leave such a smiling world, to go "into cold obstruction and to rot;" her heart softened, and she fell on her knees by the bedside and prayed to God to help her.

Presently her father missed her, and becoming alarmed, he ascended to her bedroom. She promised him, if he would give her a few minutes, she would come down when summoned to dinner, and try to behave herself better; and she exerted herself to keep her word. Her eyes were cast down and swollen with weeping; her cheek was pale; she only answered in monosyllables when spoken to; but she labored hard to suppress her tears, and to give no further offence. The dinner was tedious; they drank toasts; and when the healths of the bride and bridegroom were given, Mr. Moneypenny made a long speech, in which he dilated largely on the beauties of Scotland, and the peculiar qualities with which it has pleased Providence to endow its people, giving them thereby an evident superiority over other nations; for "weel ye ken," he said, "whar a Scotsman is h'ull thrive." Then he entered at length into the history of Glengree, and the antiquity and merits of the Maxwell family in general, concluding with a glowing eulogium on Sir Theobald in particular.

As the baronet—either because he was out of temper, which he certainly looked, or because, as some of the company who had heard him at public meetings suggested, "he was no dab at a speech"—showed no intention of acknowledging this eloquent oration, but sat silently and moodily sipping the toddy that had been carefully provided for him and Mr. Moneypenny, Mr. Larpent himself rose; and, after welcoming everybody, and thanking everybody, and saying it was the proudest day of his life, and expatiating on his own insignificance and the unexpected honor of forming an alliance with the ancient and distinguished family of Glengree, he took occasion to hint jocularly that, since it was the month of April, showers must be expected; that they were natural to the season; and he hoped he was not going too far in saying that they were becoming to the season; ay, and he would say beneficial—he was going to say, *to the season*; but he saw he was losing sight of his metaphor, and he repeated, "ay, beneficial, I say;" and then thumping his breast in a significant manner, added, "and shows that all's right here."

The company applauded with their voices and their glasses; and then the ladies rose, and left the gentlemen to their potations. In the drawing room, Mrs. Moneypenny, who was a great talker, entertained the ladies with various anecdotes of the Glengree family and their "forbears;" whilst Emmeline took an early opportunity of slipping out of the room. Since Arthur's hasty disappearance from the drawing room, she had not seen him. He had been invited to make one of the wedding-party, but he was unequal to the ordeal; and Mr. Larpent was not sorry, for he felt that it would be more prudent to confine his invitations to a few of his elderly friends—those among them whose worldly position was the most advantageous—and avoid the unfavorable comparisons that might be suggested by the proximity of youth and good looks.

Emmeline had wept out her tears; the sluices were dry now; but the hard fixed despair was upon her, and the imminence of death was so present to her—she that had never before remembered she was mortal—that she felt as a nun must have felt of old when summoned to walk into her living tomb. What manner of death it was to be she knew not; but life was impossible, the future a blank; die she must.

But she wished to see Arthur before she was entombed; her heart yearned to the one friend that pitied and would have saved her. She understood all his hints, all his warnings now; she could not go without bidding him farewell. She thought he would be in the office, and he was; he had been shut up there ever since the sudden arrival of Sir Theobald; and from the window he had watched her when she was handed into the carriage to go to church, and when she returned.

"Arthur," she said, as she opened the door, "I am come to say good-by."

Her voice was low and solemn, her face white as a corpse, as she held out her hand to him.

"Emmeline," he said—"Oh, God!—Emmeline, you'll die;" and he fell on his knees before her as he seized her hand.

"Yes, Arthur," she said, "yes, I shall die; that's why I came to take leave of you;" then, with a wild smile, she added, "Don't go on your knees to me, sir, I am Lady Maxwell."

She laughed hysterically; and her nerves being utterly unstrung, having once begun, she could not stop, but went on laughing and crying till the walls resounded with the echo. The sound of her voice reaching the company above stairs and below, they naturally rushed to the spot to see what was the matter.

Arthur had placed her in a chair, and, quite oblivious of everything but the situation in which he saw her, was again on his knees, passionately kissing her hands, and conjuring to calm herself.

"I'll fetch Mr. Larpent," he said; "he can never have the heart to condemn you to this misery. Something must be done."

At that moment the door opened, and the father, the husband, and the whole of the guests, followed by the servants, entered the room.

Mr. Moneypenny rushed to the window, and pulled down the blind; for he saw that a crowd was assembling in the street. Arthur, confused and frightened, slunk out of the room in an agony of grief, conscious that appearances were much against them; and, while Mr. Larpent and the ladies called for cold water and hartshorn, and busied themselves about the bride, Sir Theobald stood silently by, sternly surveying the scene. One of the ladies now recommended that the gentlemen should retire, and leave them alone with the patient. This advice was followed; and in due time their assiduous ministrations were rewarded with success, and Emmeline was restored to her previous state of passive suffering, an occasional irrepressible sob alone testifying to the spasm that was past.

During this interval, the post horses which had been previously ordered, had trotted up to the road, and wheeled round their heads towards the road that led to the Grange; behind them was, not the carriage with armorial bearings which had dazzled poor Emmeline's girlish imagination, but a postchaise from the Bull. Sir Theobald had an old chariot in his coach-house, which the late Lady Maxwell used when she came to Doncaster to shop; but it was out of repair, and his new wife never having been accustomed to such a luxury, he did not think it necessary to replace it. However, chariot or chaise were alike to Emmeline now.

Mr. Larpent came down, and said that all was ready. The ladies bustled about the bride, attended her to her room, bathed her face once more, arranged her disturbed toilet, threw a shawl over her shoulders, and hurried her down stairs. Sir Theobald and the gentlemen were waiting below. Everybody shook hands and said good-by, her father embraced her and handed her into the carriage, the bridegroom stepped in after her, the door was clapped to, the postboy smacked his whip, and away they drove, with a crowd cheering them, and expecting a gratuity, which they did not get. Every window in the town was occupied with eager faces, but curiosity remained ungratified; for they had not got many paces from the door, when Sir Theobald was observed abruptly to pull down the blinds.

This was the last that was seen of them, but they left their characters behind them; and from kitchen to garret, Miss Emmy Larpent and Sir Theodore Maxwell, and what sort of *menage* they would make of it, were the subjects that chiefly engrossed conversation. The old woman cried, "God help her!" and the young ones remarked, that to drive off on her wedding-day in that old postchaise "must have let her ladyship's pride down a peg or two."

CHAPTER V.

The marriage had taken place on Tuesday, the 3rd of April. The following day, Wednesday, passed without any intelligence; but the interest and curiosity remaining in full force, it would be difficult to say how many times in the course of it the exclamation of "I wonder how they are getting on" was repeated by men and women, young and old, in the good town of Doncaster.

Towards noon on Thursday, a baker who lived opposite to Mr. Larpent, but did not enjoy the advantage of his custom, observed to his wife that Mr. Larpent's blinds were all down, and that he had not seen that great man since the wedding; adding, that, "now he was allied to nobility, and his daughter 'my lady,' he supposed he meant to shut up shop." But his wife answered, that she thought he was gone somewhere into the country, as she had yesterday seen Bob, the ostler at the Bull, standing at the door with a saddle-horse, and Mr. Larpent presently came out and mounted it.

"What o'clock was that?" asked the baker.

"Well, I suppose it might be one, nearly; it was while you were out about that flour."

Here a lad they had in the shop spoke up, and said that he had seen Mr. Larpent come home last night about ten o'clock; and that young Mr. Lupton came out to the door to meet him, and they went in together, while the maid led the horse to the Bull.

All the day the blinds remained down; and as nobody was seen, and the maid answered to all inquiries that her master was out of town, and there was no business doing, many were the conjectures formed to account for so unusual a circumstance. But on Friday, a report spread through Doncaster that Mr. Simmons, the undertaker, was sent for to the Grange, and that young Lady Maxwell was dead. *How* she had died no one could tell; there was a murmur of many things, a *sough*, as the Scotch call it, but nothing known. The less was known, however, the more was suspected. All sorts of rumors prevailed; and, with ominous faces and significant shakes of the head, the words, "murder, poison, suicide," were whispered and passed from mouth to mouth.

The undertaker's people knew nothing, or would tell nothing; even the fact of Mr. Simmons being summoned to the Grange they refused to confirm, and how the report got wind nobody could find out. Mrs. Simmons received numerous visits that morning from friends anxious to ascertain the state of her health; but where her husband was gone she did not know, as she never liked to hear about "them things, and therefore never asked no questions." She thought, indeed, if she had known Mr. S. meant to take to the black business, she would never have married him, as it was not pleasant for a person with her delicate health, &c. When Mrs. Simmons got upon that subject, the case was hopeless, and her visitors took their leave.

One or two people got hold of a story about a pedlar, who was to have seen something, but what, nobody knew; nor could they get at any particulars, or find the pedlar. Arthur Lupton had utterly disappeared; and what was stranger, the postboy who had driven the bride and bridegroom on their wedding-day from Doncaster to the Grange had disappeared also.

One thing, however, was certain, and it was impossible longer to conceal it; Emmeline Larpent was dead; for, on the eighth day after the wedding, the great gates at the Grange were thrown open; the last time was to admit the carriage that brought her to her temporary home, now it was to admit the hearse that was to bear her to her long one. Presently the hearse reappeared, followed by a single mourning coach; they took the way to the nearest churchyard, where a coffin was lifted out, and deposited in the grave of the late Lady Maxwell.

In the coach sat Sir Theobald, Mr. Larpent, and Mr. Moneypenny; and behind it followed the old chariot, with its faded linings, scratched panels, and ominous devices of, *Diana masked sleeping dogs*.

The churchyard-gate was closed when the funeral entered; but outside were a few stragglers, as also along the road the procession passed, who were evidently brought there by a curiosity which they were afraid openly to manifest. There was also a young man, with his hat over his eyes and his chin muffled, as if he did not wish to be recognized, who had apparently concealed himself in the churchyard before the arrival of the parties concerned. He kept his handkerchief to his eyes all the time the clergyman was reading the service, and stood in the rear behind Sir Theobald. When the coffin was lowered into the grave, he suddenly, as by an irrepressible impulse, darted forward to snatch a last glance at it; when he could see it no more, he retreated and disappeared behind an angle of the church. During the ceremony Mr. Larpent appeared absorbed in grief; Mr. Moneypenny looked very grave, and as sorrowful as his dour features would permit; Sir Theobald looked, as those who caught a sight of his face said, awful! His complexion, which was naturally of a rusty red, was now streaked with white, as if the pallor of death was struggling to overcome the ruddy hue of life; and the hard features, that could not fashion themselves into an expression of human sorrow, seemed crushed and distorted by the effort into a wild portrait of horror. His stalwart figure was bent, and he seemed suddenly shrunk from a height of six feet three to less than an ordinary-sized man. He appeared almost insensible to everything that was passing, and stood motionless, with his two hands crossed on the nob of a heavy stick, which alone seemed to prevent his falling forwards into the grave, on which he vacantly glared.

When the ceremony was concluded, they departed as they came. The stragglers got into the churchyard, together with several spectators who had been concealed behind trees and hedges, and advanced towards the grave, where, with expressive gestures and bated breaths, they whispered their comments on what they had seen, and what they suspected.

The young man also reappeared, but kept himself apart till the others dispersed; and then he came forward and spoke to the sexton, who thereupon closed the gate, and left him alone with the grave-digger and the dead.

From that day forth the mourners that attended young Lady Maxwell's funeral were no more seen. Mr. Larpent's house was shut up; his head-clerk, an elderly man, in whom he had great confidence, wound up his affairs; and after a short interval a distant relative arrived, and succeeded to his business. Mr. and Mrs. Moneypenny returned to their native land. Arthur wholly disappeared; and for some weeks Mr. and Mrs. Lupton also; and it was understood that they were gone to London to place him in an attorney's office there. The Grange was shut up; the servants dispersed; and Sir Theobald gone, no one knew whither.

In those days, coroners, registrars, and newspapers were not what they are now. There were no paragraphs headed "Extraordinary Story," "Suspected Murder," "Mysterious Death of a Lady," &c. Rumors were not conveyed, as by magic, from one end of the island to the other; and everybody did not know what everybody did. Within an area of a certain number of miles, the report of these strange events spread, and created considerable comment and discussion; but beyond that circle little or nothing was known; indeed, it can scarcely be said that, within it, anything was *known*. There were only vague suspicions; and nobody chose to risk bringing themselves into trouble by seeking to penetrate the mystery, or by meddling with matters with which they had no concern; so, gradually, the impression faded. Other wonders succeeded to occupy men's thoughts; the busy world worked on; and in a few years the lamentable fate of young Lady Maxwell of the Grange was well-nigh forgotten.

THE LITTLE SCARECROW.

Our picture is a sketch from a painting by T. Dicksee, an English artist of some celebrity. It may be regarded as, in some sort, a pendant to our recent picture of the boy and dog. Here we have a chubby, sturdy, sun-browned, wild-haired little gipsey of a girl—some poor farmer's daughter—acting as sentry of the grain field. In her hand she holds a sort of rattle, whose brisk clack scares off the robber crows, two or three of which may be seen in full retreat in the distance. The sunny air—the springing grain—the lush weeds and wild-flowers around the careless, robust, happy little "nut-brown maid" all tell of the growing season, as she herself tells of the wild, free, merry days of childhood—the delights of tomboy life before pallid propriety has begun its reign.

CHAPTER VI.

But there is often a germ of life in things that seem dead; and suddenly, after a lapse of six years, the memory of this mournful tragedy was revived, by a report that the Grange, which had been shut up from the period of Sir Theobald's disappearance, was about to be occupied by a stranger. The tenant was a Scotsman; the place had been let to him at a very low rent by Mr. Moneypenny; and after the necessary airing and repairing, he was conducted into it by Mr. Larpent's successor. The new-comer was judged to be in narrow circumstances; and nobody saw much of him or his family. But shortly after their arrival, a report spread abroad that the house was haunted. The servants said they could not live in it; and a girl, who had been engaged as housemaid, actually relinquished her place on account of the noises she heard, especially the sound of a woman weeping. Probably, however, the principals did not care for ghosts; and the subordinates, if ghost there was, became accustomed to it; for though the house retained an ill reputation, the stir died away, and things went on there in the ordinary fashion.

Not long after this, a woman who had formerly been laundress at the Bull Inn, but had left it for some years, reappeared at Doncaster. Of course she had her old acquaintance, her cronies, and her gossips; and when it was found that the cause of her leaving was, that she had been secretly married to a postboy, and that that postboy was the very same who had driven Sir Theobald and Lady Maxwell from Doncaster to the Grange on their wedding-day, that he had good reason given him for relinquishing his situation, and that she had followed his fortunes,—she, as may be well imagined, became an object of extraordinary interest; and the little she had to tell,—for it was not much,—was eagerly listened to, and speedily conveyed from the kitchens to the drawing-rooms, and disseminated from mouth to mouth through the town and neighborhood.

She had now returned to her native place, because her husband was dead; but she said he had often and often talked to her about that poor young thing Miss Emmy Larpent, and that awful man Sir Theobald. It was not, however, till some time after they had quitted Doncaster that she was made aware of the cause of their removal. All she knew was, that two days after the wedding, her husband suddenly told her they were to leave; that they went off that night by the mail; and she saw that Jem had plenty of money to pay their way. He got a place as coachman in a gentleman's family in Edinburgh, through a letter he brought with him to a lawyer there; and they had done very well ever since. Jem said, that once, when he was going through a large city called Glasgow, he was certain that he had seen Mr. Larpent, Miss Emmy's father, in the street.

But what of the wedding drive?

"Well, Jem said, that as they drove from Mr. Larpent's house he heard the blinds drawn down with a whack; and as the young lady had looked very sorrowful when she got into the carriage, he supposed she was crying, and Sir Theobald did not like her to be seen. As it was a very long stage, of course he stopped to give his horses a feed, and Sir Theobald put out his head, and asked for a glass of water; but the blinds were not drawn up, and he saw nothing of them till they arrived at the end of their journey. The moment the carriage stopped, the servants, who were expecting them, opened the door, and handed out Miss Emmy, who was sitting on that side. He did not see how she looked, for she had her veil down; besides, she went straight in at the door, without turning her head. Sir Theobald paid him, and went in also, leaving him and the servants to unload the carriage. While he was doing so, happening to look up to the first-floor windows, he saw Miss Emmy standing there, looking dreadful-like; that she observed he was looking at her, and he thought she wanted to say something to him; but perhaps," as Mrs. Jem suggested, "she was only taking a last look at the chaise that was going back to her home, where she was never to go more. Presently, Sir Theobald came out to fetch a paper that he had left in one of the pockets of the chaise; after which Jem mounted his horse, and drove to the village, where he put up at the Admiral Keppel to feed and rest his cattle. As he drove away he looked up at the windows, but he saw nothing of Miss Emmy.

"He remained at the Admiral till near eleven o'clock, and then set off on his journey home; but he had not gone far, before what should he see but Miss Emmy walking along the path by the roadside. It was a bright night; and at first, seeing a figure all in white, he could not think what it was, and felt queer-like; but when he got a little nearer, he saw that it was Miss Emmy. She had no bonnet or cloak on; but her veil was thrown over head and shoulders, and she was walking very fast. As he came up to her, she held up her hand to him to stop.

"'Get off your horse, and open the door,' says she. 'Quick, quick!' And Jem said she spoke fierce like, and desperate.

"By the time he was off his horse she had opened the door herself, and was letting down the steps; Jem helped her in, thinking that she wanted to go back to her papa, poor lamb. But instead of that, she told him to drive to Greenhill Hall; 'Mrs. Lupton's,' she said,—'Mrs. Lupton, at Greenhill Hall.'

"Well, Jem said he felt quite taken aback-like, and he could not tell whether he ought to do it or no; for it was his opinion she was out of her mind; but while he was holding the door open, considering about it, she put her two hands together and said, 'Oh, take me to Mrs. Lupton! Do take me to Mrs. Lupton!' And then she put her hand in her pocket and drew out her purse, and gave him two golden guineas; and Jem said, 'Well, I will, miss.' And then he bethought himself, and called her 'my lady,' as, indeed, he was bound to do; but little she cared about her title then.

"So Jem got on his horse, and away they drove, as fast as they could, to the Hall.

"It's an old place, you know, and there's a long avenue leads up to it; and when they got nearly to the top, she let down the front glass, before Jem could get to the door of the chaise, she had opened it herself, and jumped out.

"'Shall I wait, miss?' said Jem.

"'No,' says she, 'and never say a word of to anybody.'

"And with that she gave him another golden guinea that she'd got ready in her hand, and walked away straight up to the door. So Jem mounted his horse, and away he drove; but before he'd got three hundred yards, who should he see galloping up the avenue but Sir Theobald on horseback. Jem did not know who it was till he was quite close, and then you may be sure he whipped up his horses to get past him, for he was afraid he'd have him up for taking away Miss Emmy. So away went Sir Theobald, and away went Jem the contrary way; and when he got home that night his beasts were ready to drop; and as for himself, he wasn't his own man again till we left Doncaster, especially after he heard that Miss Emmy was dead.

"For my part," continued Mrs. Jem, "I couldn't think what had come over the lad, for he never said a word to me of what had happened; but the next afternoon he says to me, 'Molly, old woman, you must pack up your duds; I'm a-going to cut, and we must be off to-night.' God forgive me, but my mind misgived me that he had done something wrong; but he laughed, and told me I was a fool, and that he had a promise of a good place, and that we should be better off than ever we'd been before; and so we was, sure enough, as long as Jem lived, poor fellow! But he was always of opinion that Miss Emmy had gone out of her mind that night."

Shortly after this, a woman, who had been in Mr. Larpent's service at the period of that ill-starred wedding, and had since filled other situations, happened to be engaged by a family at Wakefield; and, in a letter, she shortly afterwards wrote to her friends, she mentioned that on going into a little haberdasher's shop to buy some ribbons, she had recognized the man as an old acquaintance. He was the pedlar, or travelling merchant—at that time a more respectable and profitable trade than now—of whom she used to purchase her gowns and ribbons when he came to Doncaster. Naturally they fell into conversation; and on her relating how she came to leave the situation she had occupied when they had dealings together, and how her young mistress, Miss Emmy, had died directly after her marriage, and was supposed to have come to a lamentable end, the man seemed very much struck, and asked the day of the month, and a great many other questions. But when she told him that Sir Theobald had never been seen in that part of the country since, and was supposed to be gone to a far foreign land, he opened out, and told her what he declared he had never mentioned to any one but his wife, fearing to bring himself into trouble, or at the least to be had up as a witness, which might have interfered seriously with his business.

He said that on the day in question, having made his usual tour in the north, he was travelling southwards, and was making for the Admiral Benbow, where he meant to put up for the night. He was later than usual on the road, and every thing was still, when he heard a horse's foot galloping, and in a minute more it passed him, with the bridle trailing and nobody on his back. The animal had evidently taken fright, and was running away; and he expected to find his rider, dead or alive, on the road. But he saw nothing of him; and walked on till he came within half a mile of the avenue that leads to Greenhill Hall; and then he was startled by seeing a large object coming towards him on the footpath, that at first he could not make out, although there was a bright moonlight. It was partly white and partly black, and he could not distinguish whether it was an animal or a man; so, as there was a gate leading into a field hard by, he jumped over it, and watched it over the hedge. When it came nearer he saw it was an exceedingly tall man, carrying a lady on his back. The lady, who was very small, was all in white, and appeared to be either dead or in a faint; for her two arms hung over his shoulders instead of clasping his neck, and he supported the body by holding one in each hand. He could not see the man's face from where he stood, for the head of the lady rested on his shoulder and hid it; but he saw hers, and he was almost sure it was a corpse. He was very much astonished and alarmed; and his surprise was the greater, because he felt convinced, from the height, that the man was Sir Theobald Maxwell, whom he had caught a glimpse of when he was in that part of the country the year before. Whether the baronet had observed him he could not tell; he strode on wonderfully fast, considering the burden he carried, and never looked to the right or the left.

"I waited till he was out of sight," said the pedlar, "and then, instead of going to the Admiral Benbow, where my wife was waiting for me, I took another road, and when she joined me the next day, we went off to another part of the country; for if there war anything ugly, I thought it safer to know naught about it; and afore next year I'd taken this here business, and have never been in that neighborhood since."

This was the substance of what Sir Thomas Maxwell had to tell, with the addition, that when Sir Theobald reached the Grange with his awful burden, the door was wide open, and his bride stood in the doorway. He was so struck with horror at the sight, that he dropped the corpse from his shoulders; but with desperate resolution, he lifted it from the ground, and carried it up stairs, where he laid it on a bed. He then called up one of the maids, and desired her to bring some cold water and burnt feathers, as my lady had fainted. She did so; after which he told her she might go to bed, and he would attend to her ladyship himself. The next morning he was found sitting by the bedside watching her. He said he thought she was asleep; but she proved to be dead. Mr. and Mrs. Moneypenny were immediately sent for, and remained in the house till after the funeral, when they all departed together. Mrs. Moneypenny performed all the needful ministrations about the body with her own hands, and nobody was allowed to enter the room till the undertakers placed it in the coffin and screwed it down.

She was dead; her body was in the coffin; but when he woke from his disturbed sleep in the morning, her head lay on the pillow beside him; and when he sat at meat, she confronted him; he met her on the stairs; in the drawing-room young Lady Maxwell kept her state. She was the real mistress of the house, for he cowered and fled before her; and the power she never would have had alive, now she was dead was hers. She drove him from the country, and he took refuge in India with his sons, whom he had sent there before him. New ideas took possession of him; and, with the natural instinct and thrift of a Scotsman, he made a large fortune, which he entailed on his sons and their heirs, upon the condition that they did not return to the Grange before a certain period, which period had now expired.

When Sir Thomas had finished his narrative, Mr. Lupton related the circumstances of the strange visit which had caused him and his wife so much perplexity several years earlier; and then, and often afterwards, they discussed the question, which the reader will perhaps have asked himself before this, whether it was possible that the latter event could have any connection with the mysterious death of young Lady Maxwell, which had taken place a hundred years before; and whether her presence at the Grange, during the awful week that preceded the funeral, had been a real spiritual appearance, or the mere phantom of Sir Theobald's reproving conscience and excited brain.

Be it which it might, from that day to this no other explanation has ever presented itself of the appearance of the White Lady at Greenhill Hall, which appearance, I beg to assure my readers, is a perfectly authenticated fact that occurred in the present century.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS, Aug. 13th, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The Imperial visit to Osborne is at an end, and the Emperor and Empress have returned to Paris. Nothing is known relative to the diplomatic result of this meeting of crowned heads.

The opening of the new Louvre is still expected to take place to morrow, with great pomp; the Emperor and Empress to be there. On Saturday, the Emperor's birthday, the annual fetes held in honor of that auspicious day, are also to come off with great *eclat* provided the weather should favor the designs of the "architects" who have managed the getting up of the affair.

The French papers, or rather a majority among them, are busily discussing the mutinies in the East Indies; prophecying the downfall of England, and evidently not grieved at what they are trying to bring themselves to look to as a possible if not a probable event. The tone of these journals is certainly a good illustration of the fortitude with which people bear their neighbors' misfortunes.

A TRUFFLE THEORY.

The nature and mode of production of that curious vegetable product, the truffle, in such great and growing demand here as a flavorer of poultry, and of the thousand and one preparations of which poultry forms the basis, are the subject of much anxious and pains taking investigation among the naturalists of this country. A pamphlet has lately been published on this subject by M. Ravel, a well-known truffle merchant, containing a new and very original theory about this much-disputed condiment. M. Ravel has been so very successful as a raiser of truffles that, odd as his theory appears, and contrary as it may seem to the past conclusions of naturalists on this subject, it still commands attention from the admitted competence of its author.

M. Ravel begins by saying that up to this time, naturalists have believed the truffle to be an ordinary vegetable product, and have supposed it to possess, like other plants, its characteristic life and vegetation; but given it as his opinion that the truffle is merely produced accidentally in the vegetation of the oak by the prick of a fly, to which he gives the name of *truffigene*, or *truffle-generating*. It is a known fact in natural history, that certain flies prick certain plants, in order to produce excrescences which protect their eggs, and these excrescences vary in their character according to the different plants upon which they are produced. Thus the prick made in the branches of the oak by the gall-fly produces the gall-nut, which contains gallic accid; according to M. Ravel, a similar prick made by the truffigene fly produces the truffle. The truffle may be considered as a species of gall, produced, it is true, by a different insect, and containing different elements; but the gall and the truffle are both the work of an insect desirous of providing a shelter for its eggs, and preparing food for the larvæ.

HOW TRUFFLES GROW.

With regard to the truffle, M. Ravel describes the operation as proceeding in the following manner:—The "truffigene" fly, that may be seen in winter constantly flying about the truffle grounds, and around the oaks that produce the truffles, penetrates into the ground, reaches the fibrous roots, and pricks them at their extremity, to deposit its eggs; the prick causes a drop of milky fluid to ooze out, containing an azotized principle; this slowly enlarges by the addition of azote, which it continues to receive from the roots of the oak, and which it draws also from the air, if any fissures in the ground enable the air to reach it. If several drops of this milky fluid touch each other in growing, they unite and form those large truffles of irregular and fantastic forms, whose size varies according to the number of truffles thus joined. The truffle being formed thus abandoned to itself, grows and expands by means of the nourishment afforded both by the earth and the air. M. Ravel states, that all who have carefully examined the truffle, have been unable to discover in it any germ or radicle, and he brings this forward as a farther proof that it is not a vegetable product.

Only some varieties of the oak produce truffles, and it is said to be very difficult to distinguish those possessing this peculiarity. One of the surest signs is the total absence of vegetation over the entire space of ground covered by the truffle oak, and when the truffles begin to be produced, in the manner just described, every trace of grass disappears.

TRUFFLE CULTURE.

A barren argillaceous soil is believed to be the best for their cultivation, and M. Ravel, recommends acorns to be sown in it, after a plan which he indicates.

A hole about three inches deep is made in the ground with a conical-shaped hammer; the acorn is placed in this hole, and covered up with earth, which is beaten down firmly with the broad side of the hammer; by this means the ground round it is hardened, and the rats cannot attack the acorn. The distance to be left between the rows depends on the intention of the cultivator. If they are sown with the idea of being transplanted, it is sufficient to place the acorns in a line at a distance of two inches from each other, with two feet and a half between each line. In this way there will be sufficient space for the growth of the plants until they are fit to be transplanted. If it is not intended to transplant them, a distance of five inches should be left between the acorns, and ten feet between the rows.

In order that the "truffigene" fly may flourish and produce abundance of truffles, it is necessary that the truffle grounds should not be deprived of sun. As the young oaks grow, the plantation must therefore be gradually thinned; the consequence is that the truffle ground is continually decreasing, as well as the quantity of truffles produced; for, as the "truffigene" fly only attacks the extremities of the roots, it is only at the circumference of the circle occupied by the roots of the trees that the truffles are formed. M. Ravel concludes with the expression of a hope that his method of culture will be extensively adopted, as he is of opinion that the production would thus be largely increased.

A STORY ABOUT TRUFFLES.

But this curious theory of the renowned truffle raiser reminds me of a little incident of humble life on which I often look back with pleasure.

It was just nine years ago. My friends, the W.'s, of W——— Court, in one of the beautiful rural counties of England, were staying in Paris, and among other engagements were busy preparing the *trousseau* of their charming daughter Alice W., who was on the eve of marrying a wealthy Devonshire baronet. Among other pretty things being got ready for the occasion, was a quantity of embroidery, which needed great care and skill in its execution. Now, my concierge's wife was a very superior embroideress, and had so often begged me to recommend her to my English friends, that I proposed to the W.'s to give her a certain portion of the work to be done. Accordingly, after having seen specimens of Madame Billot's powers in this line, several delicate commissions were entrusted to her, and the good woman set to work thereupon with great zeal and delight, stitching away at the little window of her *loge* from early morning till bedtime, to the risk of her own eyesight, but to the rapid advancement of her work. But with all her activity there was too much for her to do; and she begged that the rest of the work might be given to a young person for whom she was interested. So, as I was going out, Madame Billot met me as I passed by her door on my way to the street, and handed me several specimens of embroidery, most admirably done.

"What is this, Madame Billot?" I inquired, "the work is almost more beautiful than yours!"

"Madame is right," answered the portress. I thought that, as the ladies wanted another embroideress, they might be glad to give their work to the *demoiselle* who did these patterns. A young orphan, and so pretty; and so well-conducted! An angel, madame; a real angel *du bon Dieu!*"

"And what is the name of this angel," I inquired.

"She is called Ma'amzelle Lucie; and she lives just opposite. It has been a grief to me, not to have been able to find a little corner for her on our seventh story. But we have had nothing to let there for a long time past. Her father was a painter, and offended his family by leaving the farm, (in Lower Normandy, and a nice cosy place, I've heard,) and coming here to be an artist. And to make matters worse, he married a good, pretty young woman, an orphan herself, without a sou, who died in a few years, leaving him just this one daughter, a dear little blossom, of three years old. The poor father never did much with his painting; he was so unhappy when his wife died, and he was always of a delicate turn. In a few years he died too, and the little Lucie, who had been brought up by the Sisters of Charity, and taught to read and to sew, maintained herself by sewing. Bless her little heart! she had begun to sew for money, even before her poor father fell ill; and many a little delicacy did she earn for him with her little delicate fingers! Well, he died, poor man; and Lucie was left all alone. Her father's people offered to take her home, but they had left her father to struggle and die, and she would not go.

"'I will work here, and maintain myself, mother Billot,' she used to say to me, 'and I will earn enough to put a handsome stone over my father and mother. I will not have to say "thank you," to those who left them to die in poverty and sorrow!' Ah! 'tis a brave little heart! And so she has lived and worked on, hard and patiently, day after day, feeding herself, and her canary, and putting by a trifle now and then for the stone that's to be set up over the grave! And she would be so thankful for work just now, for she has been without what you may call a good job, on hand, for a month past! And besides," said the portress, in a confidential tone, "she is very much in love with a young man who wants to marry her, but his parents object on account of her being poor, and she will never marry him until they consent. She says she has seen enough of the misery of marrying into a family where one is not welcome. She tried to put by something for a *dot*, (wedding-portion) but it is slow work; and I tell her she will be as grey as my cat before she can do that; and then she sighs, and says, 'Well, mother Billot! I can't help it; I must do my best, and it will all be as the good God pleases!' But I am keeping madame a very long time with my talk," said the portress, suddenly remembering herself, and making many excuses for her loquacity.

"I hope," said I, moving on towards the street, "that I may be able to help your little friend. I will go and see her, and show specimens of her work to the ladies."

I was, indeed, so much interested by Lucie's story that I went over to her little room at once; found her and it, so neat, so orderly, so pretty, and with so much goodness and native refinement evident, that I did not hesitate to recommend her to my friends, who gave her a quantity of work, which was very well paid, and helped, not a little, the small store of savings so carefully hoarded in the little money-box.

To cut a long story short, let me say, briefly, that I was so much pleased with Lucie that I exerted myself to recommend her among all my friends, and that the earnings became steadily larger. Still, to pay for the gravestone was a heavy affair for her; and the *dot* was almost as far off as ever. Her lover did all he could to persuade her to marry him in spite of the opposition of his family; but she was inflexible.

One day I called on her to take some sewing, and found her weeping very bitterly. She told me that her lover's parents were trying to marry him to a young person whom they had found for him, and who had a dot of five thousand francs!

"I know very well that Jacques will not take her with all her money; but that grieves me the most. I can't marry him for heaven knows how many years, if ever. I shall never have such a dot as this. And Jacques's youth will pass, and his friends will be angry, and I shall be blamed. Ah, I am, indeed, very unhappy."

While I endeavored to console my poor little friend a letter was brought up by the porter. It was from an old uncle, the only one of her father's family who had ever spoken a kind word to the poor orphan. She had often sent him little presents, warm stockings and night-caps of her own knitting, and other little gifts of the same kind. He had sent her baskets of fruit, a little cask of cider, and so on. The letter was from another uncle, telling her that his brother was dead, and had left her a bit of ground, woodland, of trifling value, full of young oaks. Lucie was grieved to hear of his death, and pleased with his remembrance of her; but smiled sadly at the thought of his bequest.

"I would rather he could have given me, say a hundred francs," she remarked, "not that I ever wanted anything of him, but what good will a bit of ground full of young oaks be of to me?"

"The young oaks will be old in time," I answered, "and then you will sell them for a good deal of money."

Soon after this incident I was obliged to leave Paris, and remained away about eighteen months. On my return, the portress told me, with a very smiling face, Ma'amzelle Lucie was impatient to see me, and had begged her to let her know of my return as soon as I arrived.

"She wants no more work!" added the portress mysteriously, "but I am bound not to tell madame the news; Lucie wants to tell it herself!"

"I see the news must be good, Madame Billot; send for her directly," I answered, as I followed my luggage up stairs to my apartment.

In a short time my pretty little neighbor made her appearance; and as to her news, your readers have probably already guessed what it was. Her bit of oak wood had turned out to be truffle ground of remarkable bearing; and was now worth several thousands of francs, with the certainty of becoming more valuable every year. Jacques' family had all been to see her, and were as anxious for the marriage as they had formerly been averse to it. Lucie was in the midst of preparations for her marriage, and both she and Jacques were equally happy.

"We have bought a little farm close by the truffle ground, and are going to live there.—Jacques' family and mine might certainly have been kinder to us in the past," she remarked, as she brought her story to a close, "but I tell Jacques we must let bygones be bygones, and I am so happy, that I cannot find it in my heart to be angry with any one!"

The wedding took place a few days afterwards; and Jacques and Lucie are now substantial and thriving farmers, with half-a-dozen children, and one of the coolest cottage homes in all Normandy. QUANTUM.

☞ D'ISRAELI says: "Predominant opinions are generally the opinions of the generation that is vanishing."

☞ Mankind, in general, mistake difficulties for impossibilities; that is the difference between those who effect, and those that do not.

☞ A German and a Frenchman walking together were attracted by a pig, whose cries resembled the word *oui*. "Listen," said the German, "the pig is a countryman of yours; he speaks French." The Frenchman replied, "Ah, *mon cher*, but he speaks with a villainous German accent."

☞ There is a town in France, called Villefranche, which was founded by Humbert, the fourth lord of Beaujeau, about the beginning of the twelfth century. This Lord Humbert let the ground at an almost nominal rent; and as an additional inducement for people to settle in his town, he granted the inhabitants several privileges, one of which was "that husbands might beat their wives until the blood flowed, provided that death did not ensue therefrom." What a paradise for wives Villefranche must have been in those days!

☞ A well known broker being inquired of the other day in regard to the health of his sick child, answered in tears, "Very ill. Wouldn't give two per cent. for his life."

☞ There will always be this important difference between a coquette and a woman of sense and modesty, that while one courts every man, every man will court the other.

> Those who inflict must suffer, for they see
> The work of their own hearts, and that must be
> Their chastisement or recompense. —*Shelley.*

☞ To secure room in a crowd—carry a paint pot in each hand.

☞ Cato, the censor, said to a very debauched old fellow—"Friend, old age, has deformities enough of its own; do not add to it the deformity of vice."

☞ The London Literary Journal says, there are men now going about the streets with crape on their hats, saying, "Poor Jerrold! how we miss him!" who were never in his company twice in their lives, and who never got anything from him but merited sarcasm for their folly.

☞ TIME'S CHANGES.—In ancient days the celebrated precept was "Know thyself;" in modern times it has been supplanted by the far more fashionable maxim, "Know thy neighbor and everything about him."

☞ The best part of beauty, said Lord Bacon, is that which a picture cannot express.

☞ Not the rich, but the wise, avoid misery, and become happy and blessed.

☞ If we scrutinize the lives of men of genius, we shall find that activity and persistence are their leading peculiarities. Obstacles cannot intimidate, nor labor weary, nor drudgery disgust them.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—We have to notice a continuance of the depression in the Flour market which we have reported for a month past, and a further suspension of sales at $5.75 ₩ bbl in prices. There has been very little export demand, and only 5000 bbls have been disposed of at $5,500@5.75 for fresh ground from new Wheat, including 1000 bbls Baltimore at the latter quotations; 400 bbls recently ground from old Wheat at $5.50; 500 bbls good Western extra at $5.50; 500 bbls Eagle Mills do at $5.75; 200 bbls Western Extra Family at $5.75, and 500 bbls Ivory Lined Extra Family at $6.25. There has been a steady inquiry for the supply of the retailers and bakers within the range of these quotations. Rye Flour has been in steady demand at last week's quotations, and further sales of 200 bbls were made at $4.50. The market is bare of Corn Meal. Small sales of Penna were made at 2.42½ bbl, at which figure it is wanted.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat from the South have been large, but from the interior there is very little coming forward. The market has been very dull, and prices have receded 1@2 ₩ bushel from the highest point realized last week. The sales comprise 60,000 bush, chiefly new, ranging from $1.30 for inferior up to $1.60 for prime red, and $1.42@1.70 for white—closing at $1.40@1.50 for good red, and $1.53 at $1.55 for white. Rye has also declined 3@4c; 3000 bush new sold at 83@86c for Penna, and 86@88c for Delaware. Corn has been in light supply and meets a steady inquiry. Sales of 10,000 bush yellow at 90@97c in store, and 85c. Oats are dull, and with liberal supplies of new crop, prices have again declined. Sales of 25,000 bush at 35@37½c ₩ bush for inferior and prime—closing at 36c for the latter.

PROVISIONS.—The market has been exceedingly quiet, and of some descriptions the stocks are too small to admit of any extensive operations. The receipts of Pork are very small, and it meets a steady retail demand; sales of 150 bbls. at $15 per bbl. for mess. City packed Mess Beef sells only in a small way for ship's stores at $20. cash. Bacon There has been a fair demand, and with an extremely light stock and trifling supplies, the tendency of prices is still upwards. Sales of 200 casks hams at 11@11½c; sides at 12c, and shoulds at 12@12c. on time. Lard—There is but little offering and prices are firm. Small sales of barrels at 16c., and kegs at 12c. on time. Butter continues to meet a very limited inquiry. Sales of solid packed at 14@15c. But little Roll offering.

BARK—The receipts of Quercitron Bark have somewhat increased, but there has been less inquiry, and prices have fallen off $1 ₩ ton. Sales of 20 hhds, No. 1 at $40. No change in Tanner's Bark. A sale of Chestnut at $13,50 ₩ cord.

BEESWAX—Is scarce. Small sales of Yellow at 24@25c ₩ lb. cash.

CANDLES—There has been rather more inquiry for Adamantine, and about 200 boxes City manufactured were disposed of—part to go out of the market—at 22@23c ₩ lb. on time. Limited sales of Sperm and Tallow at former rates.

COAL.—The receipts have been quite moderate, both by railroad and canal. The market continues very dull, and prices are unchanged. There is very little inquiry from the Eastward, and the demand for home consumption is quite limited. Bituminous Coal is not wanted. The last sale was at 3½c ₩ bus.

COPPER—There has been no further arrivals. The demand has been limited, but holders are very firm in their views. Sales of 2 000 bags of Rio at 11@11½c.; some Java at 18@19c, and Sumatra at 15c. per lb., on time.

COPPER—English Sheathing is dull at 26c. per lb., 6 mos. There is a steady demand for Yellow Metal at 22c. 6 mos.

COTTON—During the past week, the receipts and stocks have been light, and prices are firm, but the manufacturers are purchasing very cautiously. Sales of 300 bales at 11@11c per lb., on time, for low grade and middling fair Upland, and 16@18c. for Gulf.

DRUGS AND DYES—There has been a moderate trade doing. Among the transactions we notice some further sales of Soda Ash at 2½@3c, 6 months; Sal Soda at 2½@2¾c; Bleaching Powder at 2½c; Oil of Lemon at $7,25@7,75; 5 cases Oil of Bergamot on private terms.

FEATHERS—Continue scarce, but there is not much demand for them. Small sales at 52½@55c ₩ lb. on time.

FISH—Prices of Mackerel have undergone no change. The stock of old is about exhausted, and the receipts of new are very meagre. There is, however, very little demand, the sales being confined to small lots from store at $17@18 bbl for medium No. 1's, $13,50@14 for No. 2's and $12 for No. 3's. Large No. 3's are selling at $14,50@15. Pickled Herring are selling at $4 ₩ bbl, and Codfish at $4,50. A sale of box Herring at 37c ₩ box.

FRUIT—In Foreign, in consequence of the absence of supplies, there has been very little doing. Green Fruit of all descriptions is abundant. Apples are selling at $1@3,50 ₩ bbl, and Peaches from 37½c to $2,25 ₩ basket.

GINSENG—Is not inquired after, and prices are nominal for both Crude and Clarified.

GUANO—The sales have been only in a small way at our last quotations.

HEMP—There is very little stock here and no sales have come under our notice.

HIDES Are unchanged. About 4,000 Cerecens and an invoice of Pernambuco sold at the close of last week on terms not made public.

HOPS—The demand has been quite limited, the brewers generally being well supplied, and the sales have been only in small lots within the range of 10@15c. per lb., for first cost Eastern and Western.

INDIGO—The stock is very much reduced. It continues to meet a fair inquiry, and prices are very firm. Further sales of Bengal have been made at $1.45 per lb., six months.

IRON—The demand has been limited, and prices have undergone no change. Sales of 2,300 tons No. 2 were made on the Susquehanna, to go West—part at $23 per ton, six months, and part on private terms. Rolled Iron is in fair store at $27, $25 and $28,50@30 cash, for No. 1, Rail, &c. In Scotch Pig nothing doing. Blooms are scarce and sell in a small way at full prices. Prices of Manufactured Iron are steady.

LEAD—There is very little stock of Pig Lead in first hands, and no sales have come under our notice.

LEATHER—There has been a steady demand for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter Leather without change in prices.

LUMBER—The receipts of all descriptions have been moderate, and there has been a fair trade doing. Among the sales were several cargoes of Cuba Laths at $1,25 ₩ M; Pickets in lots at $5,50@6,50 for 4 and 4½ feet; Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $11@12, and Susquehanna at $16@18 ₩ 22 feet.

MOLASSES—There is little or no demand for this article, and prices are about nominal.

NAVAL STORES—Continue very quiet, and the stocks are much reduced. Sales of Common Rosin at $1,40 at $1,50 ₩ bbl, and Pine at $4,50@5, as in quality. Tar is scarce and commands $2 2@2,50. Pitch sells slowly at $2,25 ₩ bbl. Spirits of Turpentine has been in steady demand. Sales in lots at 48c cash, and 50@52c, 4 mos.

OILS—Prices of Fish Oil have undergone no change, and the sales are mostly in small lots from store. Sales of Western Red Oil have been made in lots at 72c cash. Lard Oil is firm. Small sales of No 1 Winter at $1,12½@1,25, 4 mos. Linseed Oil is in steady demand, and further sales have been made at 52@53c cash.

RICE—There has been a steady demand and prices are well maintained. Sales in lots, at $5,37½@5,75, 4 mos.

SALT—No change in prices; an import of 4,500 sacks Liverpool ground, and 1,150 do Marshall's fine, have been sold on terms not made public. The last sale of Turks Island was at something over 22c. per bushel.

SEEDS—Clover comes in very slowly, but there is not much demand for it. Small sales at $7@7,25 per 64 lbs. Timothy is quiet. Sales of 200 bushels, mostly new, at $3,50 per bu. Flaxseed continues very scarce and is wanted at $1,90@1,95. An invoice of Calcutta has arrived, and remains unsold.

SPICES—Small sales of Nutmegs at 87½@90c., and Pimento at 9½c. per lb., 8 mos.

SPIRITS—The sales of Brandy and Gin have been limited, without change in prices. Small sales of N. E. Rum at 50@53c. Whiskey—There has been more inquiry, and prices rule firmer. Sales of 1,500 bbls Eastern and Ohio at 24@25c, closing at the latter figure, bbls at 27@28c, and Drudge at 26@27c.

SUMAC—A small sale of Sicily was made at $61 ₩ ton, 6 mos.

SUGAR—The market continues very quiet—both the trade and Refiners holding back for lower prices. Small sales of Cuba at 9½@10c ₩ lb. on time.

TALLOW—Continues scarce. Small sales of City Rendered 9½c ₩ lb. cash.

TEAS—There has been a moderate inquiry for both Blacks and Greens, but prices are unchanged.

TOBACCO—There is a fair demand for manufactured—the stock of which has become somewhat reduced, but Leaf has been neglected.

WINES—The sales have been unimportant and without change in prices.

WOOL—There has been a good demand for the fine grades, of which the bulk of the stock now consists, and prices are well maintained. The receipts have materially fallen off. Sales of 300,000 lbs from 45 to 65 cents ₩ lb, 6 months.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
R. B. JONES, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SALOONS,
Nos. 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ₩ lb	16 @18	Leg, Loin, chop ₩ lb	8 @18
Sirloin steak	16 @18	Breast and Neck	6 @ 8
Rump do	12½@16	Veneon Lamb, whole	$5,00
Chuck pieces	8 @12½	Whole carcase	7 @ 9
Plates and navels		*Veal.*	
Corned	5 @10	Fore quarter ₩ lb	8
Tongues, fresh,	65 @75	Hind do	11
Leg, smoke,	$1 @$1	Chop	12½
Shin	2c @3c	Cutlet	12½
Kidney	6 @12½	Sweetbread, each	10
Liver ₩ lb	5	*Pork.*	
Dried Beef ₩ lb	18 @20	Young Pigs	$1 25 @1 50
Lamb.		Suet and trash ₩ lb	12 @ 14
Fore quarter	75 @87½	Feet, ₩ set	18 @ 21
Hind do	1 00 @1 12½	Tripe, ₩ lb	4 @ 6
Chop ₩ lb	10 @12½	Lard do	12 @ 13
Calves Head, each	25 @37½	Hams, sliced	12½@ 14½
		Bologna Sausage	10 @ 12½

VEGETABLES.

Turnips bkt	12½@18	Corn potatoes bu	50 @ 62
do bl pk	12½@ 18	bkt	37½@ 40
Beets bunch	4 @ 5	do bl pk	14 @ 16
Cabbage bbl	62½@1 12½	Onions bus	— @1 00
do h'd	3 @ 10	Carrots doz	12
Salad head	1 @ 5	Tomat's per bl peck	6 @ 8
S't Pot'es ₩ bus	$1 25@1 75	do per basket	50 @ 62
do do ₩ lb	5 @ 6	Corn per dozen	10 @ 12
		Egg Plants, each,	3 @ 10

FRUIT.

Apples ₩ bkt	25@1 00	Huckleberries	8 @10
do bl pk	12½@ 25	Whortleberries	6 @12½
Cranberries qt	6	Apricots ₩ doz	12½
Watermelons	6@25	Peaches ₩ basket	$1 50@2
Cantelopes	6 @12	do half pk	16 @37½

POULTRY AND GAME.

Spring Chickens ₩ pair	31 @ 37	Sqb Pig ₩ lb	31 @ 37½
Chickens ₩ set	87 @ 1 25	Woodcock	50 @ 75
Blackbirds ₩ doz	37½	Pheasants	75 @ 87
		Snipe, sand,	37½

SHELL FISH.

Terrapin(South)dz	$4 @6 00	Oysters, Absecom,	
do (Chas & Del)	6 00@ 9 00	₩ bbl	12 @ 50
Lobsters ₩	8 @ 10	do ₩ M	4 00 @5 00
Clams ₩	2 00 @2 50	M Bly Cove M	3 00 @3 50
Soft Shell Crabs	1 50 @2 00	N Y do ₩ bbl	10 00 @12 00

FISH.

Halibut ₩	10 @12	Perch bunch	6@12½
Bass	6 @ 8	Catfish	6 @12
Porgies	— @ 6	Eels	6 @10
Flounders	— @ 6	Salt Shad ₩	12
Cod	5 @ 8	Mackerel	12
Hookfish	3	Dry Cod	4 @ 6
White Fish	— @ 6	Salted Herring bunch	8
Rock	8 @12½	Fresh Salmon ₩	35 @ 45

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter ₩	25 @25	Honey ₩	20 @25
Lard do	16 @20	Sweetcake cake	3
Eggs doz	16 @17		

☞ There is comfort as well as good sense in this remark of Swift's. "Nature has left every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in company;

THE SIAMESE TWINS OUTDONE.—One of those remarkable malformations occasionally met with, both among the higher and lower orders of the animal creation, presented itself a few days since in the practice of one of the physicians of this village. It was a child, having two perfectly distinct heads, developed equally as regards size and shape, which are united to a single body, each by its own neck. The shoulders are broader than natural; but in other respects the body is not unlike that of other children at birth; it has but two arms and two legs. An internal examination was made, as it was dead born, which exhibit a most singular arrangement of the organs contained in the chest and abdomen. Two perfect and entire spinal columns were formed, each had the usual number of ribs—viz, twenty-four—making forty-eight in all. The middle or internal sets of ribs were united together; so that the entire chest constituted about a single cavity, containing four lungs, the middle pairs being united. Two wind-pipes led to the lungs. One heart circulated all the blood to the strange body. Two food pipes led to a single stomach, and, except that it had but one kidney, the right, the abdominal viscera were single, and natural.—*Sing-Sing Republican.*

A WIFE IN A HANDKERCHIEF.—It seems that some of the Chinese merchants have an odd way of serving up their wives to visitors. A Correspondent of the London Times, in an account of a visit to a rich Chinese merchant at Singapore, relates the following curious incident:

In the middle of the visit, a silken package, with a sort of thatch over it, was brought in by two bearers, and put down on the floor. It looked like an exaggerated handkerchief gathered up at the corners, and covered by a wicker dish cover. The guests thought it was probably a dish of meat or a new course of preserves, when the thatch was removed, and at the bottom was seen a small human figure, squatted upon its haunches. The little thing gradually picked itself up, came out of its bundle, and fell upon its knees before the master of the house, putting up its hands in the picture of a supplicant. The Chinaman rose from his seat, and waved his hand with dignity, and the little lady arose. As she did so, he said to his European guests, "My wife." "My wife" made a slight salutation around, and then retiring to her handkerchief again, was covered up, and was borne from the room as she entered.

COMPLIMENTING ONE'S WIFE IN A CURIOUS WAY.—From the highest class to the lowest the French are a most singular compound of eccentricities; the impulse of the moment carries them away without reflection, and scenes are of constant occurrence in society, which, to the calm, composed temperature of English feeling, would seem near akin to madness. The Marquis de ———, the oldest son of the Duke, is married to a handsome wife, and both are sincerely attached to each other. No union can be more happy. The other night they had dressed for a grand ball, to which they were invited, and at the moment of departure the lady made her appearance in such a bewitching toilette, and looking so divinely beautiful, that the husband was seized with a sudden fit of jealousy, and without any feeling of resentment or ill-will to his wife, but merely to prevent others from the enjoyment of such a sight, he very deliberately tore her gown in pieces from her back. Many English ladies would have sued for a separation. I asked how the young French Marquise bore the disappointment. The answer was, "She was flattered beyond measure, and proud of this proof of her husband's admiration."—*Thomas Raikes' Journal.*

A GIGANTIC UNDERSTANDING.—On a visit, yesterday, to the Eastern Penitentiary, in this city, we saw a curiosity. The superintendent was packing up an order of 750 pairs of boots, just made for a plantation in Mississippi. There were a due proportion of various sizes, but with one exception. For this pair a paper diagram of the sole was sent as a guide to the maker. The boots, when finished, were 19½ inches long, 6½ across the sole, and 4½ inches wide at the heel. The pair weighed just eight pounds. The boots were made for a negro slave of gigantic proportions, a sort of deputy overseer on the plantation for which the boots were ordered. Beside them, the other footgear, although by no means small, appeared fairy-like in comparison. We were assured that these enormous boots were of precisely the proper size, and that the sable individual for whom they were made is a negro of foppish tastes, who plumes himself upon delicate and closely-fitting understanding.—*North American.*

A TOUCH OF DOMESTIC SENTIMENT.—"My love," said Krautsalaat to his wife, as he sat cudgeling his brains for a subject on which to compose a "first-rate article" for this paper. My love! I want to write something for the and I must have a bright idea. Can't you me?"

Why, Krauty," responded the quiet little oman, coming close to him and laying her hand on his shoulder, "didn't you get a Bright-eyed Dear, when you married me?"

And Krautsalaat rather thought he did.—*N. Picayune.*

BOYS OUT AT NIGHT.—We find the following truthful paragraph in one of our exchanges:—

"Night running is ruinous to the morals of boys in all instances. They acquire under the cover of night an unhealthy state of mind, bad, vulgar, and profane language, a lawless and riotous bearing. Indeed, it is in the street after nightfall, that boys principally acquire the education of the bad, and capacity for becoming rowdy, dissolute men."

TREATMENT OF BOILS.—Glycerine applied incipient boils seldom fails to effect their solution. If they are broken it will facilitate boir healing. Applications of glycerine in pharmacy are only being slowly developed. There is strong ground for believing that glycerine will ere long supersede, in many cases, alcohol and syrup, as solvents or excipients, ceutical preparations.—*Edinburg Medical Journal.*

☞ "My dear," said an Irish gentleman to is wife, "I would rather the children were pt in the nursery, when I am at home, although I should not object to their noise, if they uld only be quiet."

CENSORSHIP OF THE INDIA PRESS.—No one item of intelligence shows the bad condition of things in India so forcibly as the statement that the entire native press of the country has been put under the ban of censorship. The telegraphic announcement was so brief and strange that no comments were made upon it in England. The latest India correspondence of the *Times*, however, thus gives the information:

"The whole press of India has been placed by an act that has recently passed the Legislative Council under a censorship—a step imperatively called for by the indecent and disloyal manifestations of joy at our difficulties which appeared in some of the native prints at Calcutta. Here there has been, to my knowledge, only one instance of the kind, and the writer, a scoundrel of a Parsee, received such a rating from our superintendent of police—an iron functionary equal to the occasion—that he is not likely to offend again."

And yet the *Times* tries to make people believe that the revolt in India is not a national affair! Only a *military* mutiny?—why muzzle, then, the native newspapers?

ABOUT THE BOY THAT WAS DISGUSTED WITH HUNTING UP COWS.—A certain distinguished citizen of ———, who has filled the highest office in the State, was once in the employ of a farmer in Western New York. Among other things it was his duty to "bring the cows." One evening the cows and boy "came up missing." Some years after, the farmer was passing down East Water street, Milwaukie, and saw the name of his cowboy over the door of one of the largest hardware houses in the West. He walked in and found his boy in the counting-room. He stared a moment upon the truant, and then broke out with, "Hallo, Len, have you found them cows yet?" One can imagine what followed—a mutual recognition. It is said the old farmer was pacified without a breach of the peace.

A YOUNG LADY WORTH HAVING.—The Fall River Star relates the following incident:—

"A horse who had been left by his owner standing in the rear of the market, feeling thirsty, started for the pump for a drink, but his check-rein would not permit him to bend his neck to the trough. A young lady whom we recollect to have seen before, passing at the moment, and observing his difficulty, promptly stepped forward, unhitched the rein and passed on, as she supposed unseen. We will wager a year's subscription to the Star, that that young lady makes some happy fellow a good wife. A deed of kindness is always commendable, even though conferred upon nothing but a dumb beast."

☞ Late intelligence from Rio Janeiro announces a rise in coffee. It would be pleasant to record the decline of some article of domestic use.

☞ The most remarkable case on record, is that of the Yankee soap man, who, in a violent storm at sea, saved himself from death by taking a cake of his own soap and *washing himself ashore.*

☞ There are many people who falter and tremble as long as there is any mixture of doubt in their minds as to what they can or what they ought to do, but who, the moment that doubt ceases, have power and will to dare everything.

☞ Sadi gives a good hint to lovers:—"Oh, Abu Hemirch, let me alone every other day, that so affection may increase; that is, come not every day, that we may get more loving."

☞ An old cynic, at a concert, one night, read in the programme the title of a song, viz:—

"Oh give me a cot, in the valley I love."

Reading it over attentively, the old fellow finally growled, "Well, if I had my choice, I should ask for a bedstead."

☞ "WORSE THAN A BRUTE."—The New York Picayune prints and illustrates the following domestic scene:

Wife—"Won't you, Charley, really? Won't you take me to the country, this Summer?"

Charley—"No, my dear, I can't afford to this Summer—but I will tell you what I will do—I will have the gas and Croton cut off, and we'll sleep in the back attic, which will be just as nice."

☞ At Dieppe in France, a famous bathing place, there is a police established whose duty it is to rescue persons from danger. The following notice was recently issued to them:—"The bathing police are requested, when a lady is in danger of drowning, to seize her by the dress and not by the hair, which often times remains in their grasp." Newfoundland dogs will also govern themselves accordingly!

☞ St. Pierre says:—"We must have a diet of company as well as one of books."

STOPPAGE OF THE UTAH MAILS.—MORMON INDIGNATION.—The New York *Mormon* thus comments upon the recent stoppage of the Utah mails:—"We keep thinking about the stoppage of the Utah mail, and the more we think the less we feel satisfied with the procedure of the Postmaster General, or whoever has ordered that unjust measure. We shall not now write what we feel. Mormons are set down as rebels, hence, if they talk the plain language of common mortals when they are abused, it is set down as rebellion—of course it is rebellion! Well, we will keep what we have to say; it won't spoil with keeping; we'll nurse it and keep it warm. We will, however, ask very respectfully of the Administration: Has not the Utah mail been stopped with the view of preventing the inhabitants of that Territory from knowing the movements of the Army? We believe it has, and with this conviction on our mind we cannot refrain from saying that the Administration at Washington is unworthy of the respect of the people of Utah. A mail can be sent to Fort Laramie every week, and the only whisper we hear of any ever getting to Utah is upon condition that the Army gets there this winter, and for their accommodation and that of the Government a mail will be regularly run between Great Salt Lake City and the States! Capital. This is Democracy, is it? We call it Despotism!"

THE PRODIGAL SON AMONG THE NOBILITY.—It has been mentioned that the life of the Earl of Mornington, lately deceased in England, was insured by his creditors for about a million of dollars. This nobleman was a nephew of the late Duke of Wellington, and was formerly known as Long Pole Wellesley, and has been long living in poverty, brought upon him by improvidence in early life. He died very suddenly, and on the inquest his valet told the jury, with tears in his eyes, that his master had frequently lacked the common necessaries of life. His Countess, from whom he has been separated thirty years, has occasionally been dependent upon parish assistance.

TEN BROECK'S HORSES IN ENGLAND are in bad luck. At another race at Lewes, on the 12th ult, the American mare Princess came in fourth. A bad beat that!

NEWS ITEMS.

SINGULAR MIXTURE OF PITTY AND PROFANITY.—A workman, lately employed in blasting at Halifax, while being wound up out of the hole, after he had lit the fuse, was suffered to slip back again. The man fell close upon the impending danger; and in the sudden view of almost certain death, fell on his knees in prayer. While praying a thought struck him; he drew out the fuse, and commenced swearing at the workmen at the top.

ANTI-GALLOWS.—Mr. Charles Phillips, the eminent and veteran London barrister, has published a pamphlet, in which he avows the opinion, the result of his long and varied experience, that capital punishment, so far from diminishing, only increases crime, and that its effect is brutalizing to the last degree upon society.

MERCY ON TWO LEGS.—Epicures are aware that the only part of the frog which is eaten is the hind legs. The society for the Protection of Animals, of Berne, Switzerland, has obtained the insertion, in a special law on the subject, of an article prohibiting the practice, hitherto adopted, of *tearing off the hind legs of these animals before their heads are cut off.*

THE POTATO CROP.—There appears to be every reason to fear that the country is again about to be cursed with that dreadful calamity—the potato rot. Exchange newspapers from the North and West come to us with accounts of its appearance in various localities of those regions; and an experienced, observing and successful agriculturist in this vicinity, who raises large quantities of the esculent, assures us that he has discovered incipient evidence that the vegetable is unsound in this quarter also. It behooves potato eaters to look well to those they purchase, for nothing can be more unhealthy than potatoes in any stage of the disease, whatever.

A LUXURIOUS DOG!—A Nebraska editor who had the last Fourth of July all to himself, thus announces the programme of his prospective pleasures:—"We shall luxuriate over our dinner until about four o'clock, when we shall go and swim for half an hour, 'peter' for another half an hour, and then pitch cents till dark. In the evening we shall go a-courting."

CROPS IN INDIANA.—Everywhere the farmyards are filled with large stacks, and the barns literally groan under the support of the heavy loads stored away in their mows. The grass crop is splendid, and the weather is propitious for gathering it in. But the corn—who ever saw such corn! for Harrison Prairie, unrivalled in the production of this staple, never bore upon her swelling bosom so flattering a prospect. We heard one farmer say he would gather from seventy-five to eighty bushels per acre. The stalks look almost like young trees. The ground is entirely shaded by the flagging leaves, and the whole field presents a living mass of luxuriant green.—*Terre Haute Express.*

UNMARRIED WOMEN IN GREAT BRITAIN.—It appears from the census of Great Britain of 1851, that in that year, there were in the country nearly six million of women above twenty years of age—of whom one million seven hundred and sixty-seven thousand were unmarried, and seven hundred and ninety-five thousand widows.

"AND BRUTUS IS AN HONORABLE MAN."—As a set off against the wholesale robbery European medical writers are often subjected to at the hands of their American editors, we may notice the following gratifying fact: When Dr. Draper brought out his edition of Sir Robert Kane's Chemistry, Harper & Brothers paid him $1,000. The whole sum was generously forwarded to Sir Robert Kane by Dr. Draper, who never received any emolument from the work, but was at the trouble of bringing it out because he believed such a work was wanted in the colleges. The magnanimity of the transaction was enhanced by the fact that Drs. Kane and Draper were strangers to each other, the proceeding being entirely spontaneous on the part of the latter, and unexpected on that of the former.

RIP VAN WINKLE'S FIRST COUSIN, FOR SURE.—The Rockville (Ia.) Republican tells of the most extraordinary robbery we ever heard. It says that some fellow entered the house of Mr. Jesse Wright, of that (Parke) county, and robbed the room of Mr. Wright's daughter, who was sleeping in her bed. After plundering as much as he could, he proceeded very coolly to steal the ear-rings out of the ears of the drowsy damsel. Then he pulled the rings off her fingers, and thinking still that he hadn't made the robbery complete, he cut *all the hair off one side of her head.* And he accomplished it all without waking the girl.

MRS CUNNINGHAM IS DONE FOR.—In the Surrogate's Court, New York city, the decision has been rendered in the contested Burdell estate. It sets aside the claim of Mrs. Cunningham, and gives the whole property to the blood relatives of the deceased.

A SHARK IN THE COUNTRY.—The Benton (Lowndes county) Liberal of the 30th ult says: "One day last week there was captured by Mr Everett, with hook and line, a real alman pure salt water shark, about one mile above this place, out of the Alabama river, which weighed *one hundred and sixty pounds.* This may look incredible to some, but it is nevertheless strictly true, and, if any should doubt it, the mouth of the monster can be seen in this place."

DISASTROUS FAILURES.—The Ohio Life and Trust Company, with a capital of two millions of dollars, has failed for from five to seven. It was a Cincinnati concern, but ventured into the vortex of New York speculation, where it was swallowed up and ruined. The failure has created a panic in Wall street, in which the banking houses of E. S. Munro, John Thompson, and De Launay, Iselin & Co., suspended.

The failure of Jacob Little, the great bear operator in stocks, of Wall street, who fails on all convenient occasions, is also announced, with liabilities which rumor makes amount to five millions of dollars.

In addition to this, there are the failures of Messrs. Benedict & Co., and Fisher & Co., both large broking firms.

Several bank failures are also reported. Among them are the Warren Bank, of Warren, Pa., and the Kanawha Bank, of Va.

In New York there is a real panic in the money market.

LOUIS THE LITTLE AT HIS GAME.—We learn by private advices from St Helena that the Emperor Louis Napoleon has purchased the site of the tomb of his uncle, the great Napoleon, for $3,000, and Longwood, the farm on which the conquered conqueror's last years were passed, for $16,000. A commission is expected soon to arrive for the purpose of putting Longwood in complete order, and decorating the grounds. A fine monument is also to be erected over the tomb.—*N. Y. Cour. and Enquirer.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,
No. 333 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct		
" " '62	108	—
" " '67	116	—
" " '68	116	—
" 5 " '83	108	—
Phila 6 pr ct	89½	90
" " new	96	96½
" 5 "	—	—
Cam City 6 pr ct	98	98
Pitts 6 pr ct	72	73
" " coupon	70	72
All'ny city 6 pr ct	93	95
" county "	93	94
Alle co RR 6 s	90	90
Penn "		
" 5 "	85	84
" " coupon	84	85
Penn 5 pr ct	94½	95
" 5 " coupon	93	94
Kentucky 6 pr ct	103	103½
Penn RR 6 pr ct	98½	99
2d m'rt conv '83	85	86
C & Am RR 6 pr ct	70	75
P G & N RR "	90	92½
Reading RR "	77½	78½
" m'rt "	85	88
H & Lan RR "	81	82½
Cha Val RR "	30	32
Tioga RR "	28	28
Phil Wil & Bal '70 RR 6 pr ct	96½	96½
Long I RR "	65	66
Sch Nav '82 "	64	64½
Lehigh Nav "	88	88½
" Mort "	92	93
C & D (C) "	89½	89½
Sus & Tid '78"	85	85½
Union Canal	58	59
Will'ms & Elmira 1st co't 7 pr ct	75	78
2d " 7 pr ct	64½	65
Catawissa	61	62½
North Penns 6 pr ct	98	98½
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	146	147
Penns	96½	96½
Hes Meadow	59½	54
North Penns	10½	11
Phil Ger & Nor	60	60½
Reading	29	29½
Minehill	58½	59½
Har & Lan	54	—
Chester Val	3	4
Tioga	10	—
" preferred	25	—
P W & Balt	20½	21½
Long Island	10	10½
Wil sport & Elmira	15	20
Catawissa	10½	11½
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sch Nav	12	14
" preferred	20½	21½
Lehigh Nav	54	55
Morris consolidated	52	54½
" preferred	91½	92
C & Del	57	60
Union	91	93
Sus & Tidewater	93	96
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	130½	135
Penns	114	113½
Phila	122½	123
Far & Mec	60½	61
Commercial	50	50½
N Liberty	50	51
Mechanics	29½	29½
Southwark	80	82
P Township	25½	26
Kensington	68	70
Girard	11	11½
Western	66	67½
Man & Mech	28	30
Commerce	66	68
Tradesman's	63	—
City	90	95½
Consolidation	26	27½
Pittsburg	57	—
M & M Pitts	63	—
Ex'ge Pitts	57	—
Kenlunky	111	112
Northern, Ky	116½	118
Louisville, Ky	112	112
Farmers, Ky	108	110
Union, Nash Tenn	100	104½
Plant's, Tenn	101	105
Com & R Vicksburg	71	75
N O Gas Lt	125	127
Phil Gas & Nor	60	60½
Reading	29	29½
Minehill	58½	59½
Har & Lan	54	—
Chester Val	3	4
Tioga	10	—
" preferred	25	—
P W & Balt	20½	21½
Long Island	10	10½
Wil sport & Elmira	15	20
Catawissa	10½	11½
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sch Nav	12	14
" preferred	20½	21½
Lehigh Nav	54	55
Morris consolidated	52	54½
" preferred	91½	92
C & Del	57	60
Union	91	93
Sus & Tidewater	93	96
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	130½	135
Penns	114	113½
Phila	122½	123
Far & Mec	60½	61
Commercial	50	50½
N Liberty	50	51
Mechanics	29½	29½
Southwark	80	82
P Township	25½	26
Kensington	68	70
Girard	11	11½
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Man & Mech	28	30
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

ARTISTIC.—In Rome there is a group in plaster in illustration of these lines in Longfellow's "Excelsior"—

"Oh, stay!" the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast."
A tear stood in his large blue eye,
Yet still he answered with a sigh—

"Indeed I can't, for I'm right off to get a new suit at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 Chestnut street, above Sixth, Philadelphia." The young woman then says that if that was the case he had better put on.

CASE OF DYSPEPSIA OF 12 YEARS' STANDING.

PHILADELPHIA, April 3, 1857.

DR. C. M. JACKSON, DEAR SIR—For twelve long years was I severely afflicted with that most trying of all diseases, Dyspepsia, and every effort to obtain relief proved a failure. Like every afflicted person, anxious to regain my health, I tried a great many remedies, but without avail. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS being recommended to me I commenced their use, and I assure you, sir, it is with satisfaction, known only to those who have suffered as I have, that I now inform you they have performed a perfect cure, and restored me again to health.

I can cheerfully recommend the German Bitters to the public.

Very respectfully, yours,
LYDIA WRIGHT, No. 46 Race Street.

These Bitters are entirely vegetable and never fail to cure Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility, or diseases arising from a disordered stomach. Be sure and ask for *Hoofland's German Bitters.* For sale by Druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States and Canadas. Price 75 cents per bottle.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS are doing wonders in the cure of Dyspepsia, Debility, Jaundice, and Liver diseases. Among the thousand and one preparations that have come up, for these diseases, and those of a kindred nature, this alone appears to perform all it promises.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov28-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 2d ultimo, by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, Mr. NAHUM CONANT, of Boston, Mass, to Miss ELMIRA A. W. DOUGHERTY, of Philadelphia.

On the 19th of July, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. GEORGE NEARY, to Miss CATHARINE LOLLER, both of Philadelphia.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, Mr. HORACE WALTER, to Miss CATHARINE DE WITT, both of Philadelphia.

On the 17th ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. HENRY HOPES, to Mrs. JANE HAMILTON, both of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. JOHN MCDOWELL, to Miss ELMIRA MARLIN, both of Manayunk.

At Reading, Pa., on the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. Isaac Beaven, Mr. ISAAC H. O'HARRA, of this city, to MARIA, daughter of Adam Johnson, Esq. of Reading.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. JOSEPH MURPHY, to Miss MARTHA DIAMOND, both of this city.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. THOMAS H. SPENCE, to Miss ELIZABETH LENCH.

On the 20th ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. PETER S. STEELMAN, to Miss MARGARET DECROAT, both of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph Mason, Mr. WILLIAM A. CHURCH, to Miss LIZZIE J. BARKER, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. J. T. Henry, Mr. WILLIAM H. COULTER, of this city, to Miss SARAH E. WATSON, of Falls Schuylkill.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by responsible name.

On the 23d ultimo, Dr. N. C. NANCREDE, aged 85 years.
On the 18th ultimo, Mr. WILLIAM POWELL, aged 46.
On the 25th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH EARLE, aged 58.
On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. HARRIET RUHL, aged 63 years.
On the 24th ultimo, Mr. JOHN BROWN, aged 35 years.
On the 24th ultimo, Mr. CHARLES DEAL.
On the 23th ultimo, Miss RHODA MERRION, aged 67.
On the 28th ultimo, at Chestnut Hill, Mrs. M. HOUPT, aged 72 years.
On the 22d ultimo, SUSAN, wife of Martin Connolly, aged 28 years.
On the 22d ultimo, MARY, wife of Matthew McKee, aged 42 years.
On the 22d ultimo, MARGARET TAPE, aged 54 years.
On the 23d ultimo, GEORGE IRVIN, aged 28 years.
On the 24th ultimo, Mr. MATTHIAS SCHOCH, aged 37.
On the 24th ult. mo, Mrs. ELIZABETH SLYCOT, aged 76.
In Bristol, on the 24th ultimo, SARAH W. ALLEN, aged 67 years.
On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. MARGARET SWEENEY, aged 56 years.
In Chester, Pa. on the 24th ultimo, KATE A. CLYDE, aged 33 years.
On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. MARY KENNEDAY, aged 74.
On the 24th ultimo, ANN EVANS.
On the 23d ultimo, JOHN BLACK, aged 31 years.
On the 22d ultimo, REBECCA, wife of Chas. S. Garrett.
On the 21st ultimo, Mr. WILLIAM W. KUCHER, aged 47 years.
On the 23d ultimo, Mr. HENRY POYE, aged 62 years.
On the 23d ultimo, JANET SCOTT, wife of Jas. Kent, aged 34 years.
On the 21st ultimo, in Queen Ann's county, Md. Mrs. MARY T. PHILLER, wife of Simeon V. Tromp.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 29 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, August 29, 1857.

Pennsylvania.		**Virginia.**	
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis
Relief notes	¼ dis	Bk of Kanawha	no sale
Lancaster bk	50 dis	Corp'n Alexandria	2 dis
Erie City bk	35 dis	**North Carolina.**	
Bk of Newcastle	35 dis	Solv bks	½ to 1½ dis
Warren co bk	no sale	Small notes	2 dis
New Jersey.		**Georgia.**	
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	Gold bks	½ dis
Merch bk Bridgeton	30 dis	New bks	3 to 5 dis
Wheat Grower's bk Newton	30 dis	Bk Columbus	no sale
Commercial Bk, Perth Amboy,	failed	Bk of Milledgville	no sale
Bergen co bk	no sale	Man & Mech bk Columbus	no sle
Delaware.		Planters' and Mech's bk, Dalton	no sale
Solvent bks	par	**South Carolina.**	
Under 5's	¼ dis	Solv bks	½ dis
Maryland.		**Alabama.**	
Valley bk Hagerstwn	no sale	Bk of Mobile	1½ dis
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	Other solv bks	½ dis
Far & Mec bk Kent co	¼ dis	**Mississippi.**	
District of Columbia.		All bks	uncertain
Exchange bk	20 dis	**Louisiana.**	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
New York.		**Ohio.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
8th Avenue bk	¼ dis	Bk of Circleville	15 dis
Knickerbocker bk	1½ dis	Canal bk	8 dis
Far bk Onondaga	25 dis	**Kentucky.**	
Mer & Man bk Onwgo	30 dis	Solv bks	1 dis
Far bk Buffalo	30 dis	**Indiana.**	
Empire City bk	1½ dis	New solvent bks	2 dis
Central bk	1½ dis	State bk	1 dis
Champlain bk	no sale	Shawnee bk, Attica,	no sale
Farmer's bk Saratoga	no sale	Gramercy bk, Lafayette	"
Maine.		Other bks	5 to 30 dis
Solv bks	1 dis	**Illinois.**	
Bk of Hallowell	2½ dis	Peoples bk, Carmi,	20 dis
Kilsworth bk	50 dis	Rushville bk, Rushville,	20 dis
Maritime bk Bangor	15 dis	Solvent bks	21 dis
Canton bk South China	no sale	Stock Security bk	30 dis
Exchange bk	no sale	**Missouri.**	
Hancock bk	no sale	Solv bks	1 dis
Sackett's Harbor and Rochester bks	no sale	**Tennessee.**	
New Hampshire.		Bk of East Tenn	no sale
Solv bks	¼ dis	River Bank	no sale
Lancaster bk	closed	Solv bks	2 dis
Exeter bk	failed	Small notes	2½ dis
Vermont.		Central bk	no sale
Solv bks	½ dis	New bks	3 to 5 dis
South Royalton bk	no sale	**Michigan.**	
Wooster bk	no sale	Solv bks	2 dis
Connecticut.		**Arkansas.**	
Solv bks	¼ dis	All bks	no sale
Massachusetts.		**Wisconsin.**	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	2 dis
Rhode Island.		**Texas.**	
Solv bks	1 dis	Commercial & Agricultural bk Galveston	5 dis
Bk Repub Providence	20 dis	**Canada.**	
Tiverton bk	no sale	Solv bks	1½ dis
Central bk	no sale	Zimmerman	no sale
Farmer's bk Wickford	no sale		

TREATMENT OF CANCERS.—THE PHILADELPHIA INSTITUTE for the cure of CANCERS, TUMORS, Wens, Scrofula, Ulcers, and Chronic diseases generally. The diseases are treated with unparalleled success, and without the usual resort to surgical operations.

A successful practice of over fifteen years fully establishes the great superiority of this treatment over all others.

Patients at a distance will receive information and advice, together with our Pamphlet, by addressing (with postage stamp) Dr. LOUNSBERRY & CO., No. 50 North 8th St., Philadelphia. sep5-2t

MOUNT HOLLY FRENCH AND ENGLISH INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES.—This Seminary will be re-opened for the reception of pupils on Monday, Sept. 14th.

Circulars with references may be had upon application at the school, Wrens St., Mount Holly, N. J., or at No. 718 Chestnut St., Phila. A. PERROT, Principal. aug28-4t

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To any person who will send me their address and a postage stamp to pay return letter, I will send, free of charge, information which will enable them to make from $5 to $10 per day clear profit, and with the greatest ease. Address aug29-3t J. D. FOSTER, Box 90, East Chester, N. H.

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On all the chords with might—
Smote the chord of Self, that trembling passed
In music out of sight."

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THE FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THE INTRODUCTORY LECTURE to the next Course will be delivered on the 30th of September next at their building, No. 627 ARCH St., Philadelphia. sep5-3t

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GOLD and SILVER HUNTING CASE, OPEN DIAL, LEVER, LEPINE and PLAIN WATCHES.

J. LADOMUS has constantly on hand a large assortment of the above, of various celebrated makers, which he warrants to give full satisfaction as timekeepers; also, a large assortment of JEWELRY, of every description, all of which will be sold at the LOWEST PRICES, at his store, No. 1118, formerly 613 Market St., above Eleventh. sep5-3m

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No. 608 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

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A GIFT WITH EVERY BOOK, worth from 25 cents to $100. *Agents wanted,* extra inducements offered. Address with stamp, THOS. J. PARKER, Gift Book Dealer, 210 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

OIL CLOTHS!

COUNTRY MERCHANTS dealing in OIL CLOTHS can make their purchases by orders or otherwise from the subscriber at the lowest rates; the stock in store is large—the goods unequalled for beauty of design and finish. Six week consists of FLOOR, TABLE, STAIR, and CARRIAGE OIL CLOTHS, all of my own manufacture. THO

Wit and Humor.

EMACIATION AS A FINE ART.

Obesity is not a sin, though all fat men are sinners. But in this fearfully hot weather, when the thermometer indicates ninety degrees, and its motto is Excelsior, obesity becomes, if not a sin, at least an inconvenience. The man who carries upon his bones two hundred pounds avoirdupois of adipose matter, can afford in the winter to laugh and be a "jolly fat man," but just now, with the dog-days approaching, and the street bricks and flag-stones fairly heated for the summer, he is much more likely to become a perspiring and not very philosophical peripatetic. Therefore, to those of our readers who are possessed of fleshy incumbrances, and who long, while undergoing the torture of Nature's great ironing day, to follow Sidney Smith's advice, and, taking off their flesh, to sit in their bones—we shall do a service by directing their attention to the result of some scientific researches on the art of unfattening. So, while they are putting up Hamlet's excellent prayer,

"Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, etc.,

we will give them a synopsis of the various methods by which men of moderate proportions may avoid becoming obese, and fat men may become lean.

In the first place, avoid having a fat father. Obesity is often—indeed, almost always—hereditary. With Daniel Lambert for a parent, a man would be likely to have solid ground (three hundred pounds or so) for despair of ever being lean. Therefore, whoever would avoid obesity, let him by all means avoid having a fat father. Don't be a bass singer. Amodio, the great *basso*, who is five or six yards around the waist, is a frightful example of the effect of low notes in producing high weight. Musical quavers produce quavering of another sort, and tend inevitably to the enlargement of equatorial dimensions. Don't lie a-bed late in the morning, if you would avoid becoming fat. If possible, sleep standing, and then all fear of corpulency may safely be laid down. Don't be a successful publisher, a dine-out, or a butcher. All these occupations tend inevitably to fatness. In fact, it may be established as a general principle, that if the purse be afflicted with a plethora, the person likewise tends to an unnatural and less agreeable enlargement. Finally, of the things to be avoided, remember all articles of diet that are leguminous, farinaceous, or liquid in their character. Carbon and hydrogen are the elements of fat, and these exist in great proportions in fruits, sugar, flour and starch. Water is only the protoxide of hydrogen, and is, therefore, to be drunk as little as possible. To avoid misunderstanding, it may be well to remark here that brandies, ales, beers, and other steady drinks, are to be avoided. Water is bad, but these are worse. Liquids generally are to be dispensed with.

Besides the power of reasoning from the known to the unknown, man differs from other animals in the ability and desire to eat without being hungry, and to drink without being dry. This is, doubtless, the grand cause of obesity; and here, as elsewhere in the physical universe, extremes meet, and human beings, by the exercise of those propensities in which they most differ from animals, may, in the end, reach an equality with them in the most brutal tastes and appearance. Therefore, the motto, which every fat man should emblazon upon the inside of the place which Amodio belabors so unmercifully in Lucrezia Borgia, should be—"Keep hungry and thirsty." Let him not go the way of the Aldermen, nor sit in the seat of the Common Councilman. Let him avoid the street which leads to Parker's restaurant, and tread not in the alley-way to George Young's. When, however, *starvation* point is almost reached, let the fat man eat only lean meat, and little of that. The base of meat is azote, and azote entereth not into the composition of fat. We repeat it, let the fat aspirant after leanness eat meat, meat only, lean meat, and very little thereof, and then will his shadow grow less continually.

Again, let the fat man become a scoundrel, and his obesity will surely diminish. Rascality and obesity are incompatible. Who can conceive of a fat Iago, a corpulent Macbeth, an obese Richard III.? It was not alone a knowledge of the human heart which Shakspeare showed in making Cassius lean and hungry-looking, and Falstaff fat and honest. A tremendous thinking, especially if brought on by a murder or two, and the necessity of concealment, would be sure to remove many pounds of extra flesh. The fear of stretching a string with one end of the person, would soon give any moderately fat man a sight of the shoestrings at his other end.

If intellectual villainy fails, let the fat man remove to the top of a mountain, and establish a soap factory. Alkalis combining with grease form soaps. Overladen sufferers may take alkaline substances or drinks in moderation, and, if they do not consequently become lean, they at least have a chance of becoming Brown Windsor and so serving their day and generation.

Finally, if all these methods fail, and the fat man, now no longer jolly, is about to give up in despair the hope of happy living or peaceful death; if his circumferential grandeur still continues to encroach upon the circumambient space; if he is totally deserted by all hope of ever again beholding his toes; if walking becomes impossible, and waddling painful; if Stilton cheese and visions of molasses hogsheads float before his swollen eyes; if somnolency follows, and fears of his latter end affright him who long since relinquished all hope of ever beholding it; as a last resort, failing which all other attempts are hopeless, let the fat man become a poor author or a daily editor. To this prescription we will warrant success in every possible instance. Dr. Dancel's great principle, of living on a little lean meat and avoiding all water, is very well for those who have time to go to Paris, and put themselves under his care. He is doubtless a successful diminisher of *embonpoint*, but, as a professional emaciator, we know of at least twenty men decidedly his superiors.—*Boston Traveller.*

☞ Speaking without thinking, is shooting without taking aim.

NOT A BAD IDEA FOR WARM WEATHER.

NICE YOUNG MAN.—"Now, girls, pull away—don't be idle!"

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE CAT.

The N. O. Picayune touches on the physiology of the cat in antique phrase, as follows:

Ye catte — delighteth in ye roofes of menne's abode, and thereon being perched doth send forth by turn, sweet musicke, plaintyve wailing, after ye manner of deepe griefe, and then suddenly doth this creature sound loudly ye stirring notes of love. Being smitten by menn she doth flee. But as ye dogge is brave when opposed to its own kinde, catte fighteth valiantly with catte, striving with a grete hearte and an intemperate courage. In victorie she poureth out feelings of triumphe in tremulous straynes of gladnesse; but when ye masterie cleaveth to her adversarie, she flieth with much discretion and with great speedinesse. So irate is this beaste and so fierce is her hardihoode, that when she becometh vexed overmuch, and her bodie is not able to contayne her rage, ye overbounding wrath fleeth to her tayle wh. doth become of a huge and fearful bignesse. Ye catte is a wylie animal, and after ye manner of ye deadlie sin (as ye clerkes doe tell us) is faire to beholde, but most grievous in its iniquitye.

Thomas loveth darknesse (for his deeds are yvil,) and Tabitha belyeth her good name by unseemlie noises and lurking in nooks of ill repute. She venteth her jealous feelings in incontinent howles, and ye fatte-paunched mowse is a rare morselle on her tongue. She is ye greene eyed monstor. Beware of ye insidious purrings of her treacherie. She waggeth her tayle, and winketh her eye, and exalteth her back; but ye wise man is not deceived thereby. He seizeth her, and he clappeth ye filberte shelle on her feete, and ye bit of tinder doth he fasten on her tayle; and when he hath fired ye tinder, she fleeth (as ye booke hath it) *celeritate admirable*, with a curious speede, *strepituque terribili*, and with a fearfulle clatteringe of ye shells. Ye wicked man feareth her in ye darknesse, and when he beholdeth ye green eye and ye flaming tayle, and heareth ye strepitous noise and ye deepe groans she maketh, he fleeth though no man pursueth. Of a surety he inclineth to think that Sathanas hath broken his bowndes and is upon him! and so he reformeth.

For this service to pietie in ye land of Egypt, men did worship the catte and held her in ye highest esteem. They did feed her on choyse viands, on ye white mowse, ye gold fish, ye snipes, and ye crocodiles of tender age. But ye great kindnesse, they reserved, till ye catte did kick ye buckette, when they did stuffe her with spices and oyntments, and sweet smelling stuffs, and did grete reverence to ye filthy bodie.

Ye catte is now held in but light esteeme in these latter days; but mindful of former glorie, she waileth mournfullie, over ye past, for which ye menne doe smite her with ye bootjack, ye blacking brush, ye emptie bottle and deep drawn curse. Water, if it be boiling hot, is also goode.

NAVAL CONUNDRUM.—"Talking of conundrums," said Old Hurricane, stretching himself all over, and sending out one of those mighty puffs of Havana smoke which had given him his name, "can any of you tell me when a ship may be said to be in love?"

"I can tell—I can," snapped out Little Turtle. "It is when she wants to be manned."

"Just missed it," quoth Old Hurricane, "by a mile. Try again. Who speaks first?"

"I do," secondly answered Lemons. "It's when she wants a mate."

"Not correct," replies Hurricane. "The question is still open."

"When she's a ship of great size" (sighs), modestly propounded Mr. Smoothly.

"When she's tender to a man-of-war," said the colonel, regarding the reflection of his face in his boot.

"Everything but correct," responded Hurricane.

"When she's struck back by a heavy swell," suggested Starlight.

"Not as yet," said Hurricane. "Come, hurry along."

"When she makes much of a fast sailor," cried Smashpipes.

Here there was a great groan, and Smashpipes was thrown out of the window.

When peace was restored, Old Hurricane propelled again.

"You might have said—'when she hugs the wind,' or 'when she runs down after a smack,' or 'when she's after a consort,' or something of that sort. But it wouldn't have been right. The real solution is—when she's attached to a buoy."—*Anon.*

☞ Very few men, properly speaking, live at present, but are providing to live at another time.

THE MEDICAL MAN TO HIS MISTRESS.

Upon one "fringed curtain"
Of thy so lustrous eyne,
Hath come, 'tis but too certain,
A residence for swine.
That eye, with tears suffusing,
Is plaintive in eclipse,
My tardy hand accusing,
Accuse me, too, thy lips.

Dearest, my willing lancet
Must yet delay its lunge;
Somewhat thou may'st advance it
With poultice and with sponge.
One cut, a little later,
The blinding stye shall heal,
And make a new Spectator
With the gentle touch of Steel.*

—*Punch.*

* Sir Richard Steele, it will be remembered, wrote some of the articles in "The Spectator"—hence the pun.

"TE LIDDLE PLACK BONY."—"Chon, you recklememper dat liddle plack bony I pyed mit de bedlar next veak?"

"Yah; vot of him?"

"Notings, only I gitts cheated burdy bad."

"So?"

"Yah. You see in de vurst place he ish plint mith bote legs, unt ferry lame mit von eye. Den ven you gits on him to rite he raros up pehint unt kicks up pefore so vurser as a chechmule. I dinks I dake him a liddle rite yesdertay, unt so soonner I gits straddle his pack he gommence dat vay, shust so like a vakin peam on a poatsteam; unt ven he gits tone, I vas so mixed up mit eferydings, I vints mineself zittin arount packvards, mit his dail in mine hants vor de pridle."

"Vell, vot you going to do mit him?"

"Oh, I vixed him better as cham up. I hitch him in de cart mid his dail vere his head ought to be; den I gife him apout so dozen cuts mit a hitecow; he starts to go, put so soon he see te cart pefore him he makes packward. Burdy soon he stumbles pehint, and sits down on his hanches, unt looks like he veel barty shamed mit himself. Den I dakes him out, hitch him in de rite vay, unt he goes rite off shust so good as anypody's bony."—*Porter's Spirit.*

Agricultural.

BOTS, AND HORN-AIL IN HORSES AND OTHER CATTLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—Under the head of "Bots in Horses," Mr. E. T. Wood, in an article copied into your paper of August 8th, has given a correct account of the origin of these parasites, and cites authorities to show that contrary to the common belief they are never injurious to the horse. There are, doubtless, many ailments attributed to bots in the production of which they have had no kind of agency, but in this case, as in many other mooted points, the truth is probably between the extremes of opinion, and bots, like worms in the human subject, may sometimes be multiplied to such a degree as to be attended with serious and even fatal consequences.

A case of this kind came under my own notice, wherein the stomach of a horse that had suddenly died with the usual symptoms of bots, was found to contain some hundreds of these insects, which were for the most part crowded in and about the upper orifice of the stomach. Evidences of a high state of inflammation were apparent, which was doubtless the effect of the irritation produced by the bots upon a very sensitive part of this organ.

Your correspondent cannot be more sensible than I am of the amount of ignorance and absurdity current in connection with the theory and treatment of the diseases incident to our domestic animals, nor can he entertain a more profound contempt for the detestable quackery which hangs upon the skirts of an honorable profession, to prey upon the credulity of an over-gullible public. And yet, as might reasonably be expected, there is some truth mixed up with a vast amount of error in the popular fallacies everywhere prevalent, and in one instance, at least the skepticism of Mr. Wood has misled him. I allude to a not uncommon disease among cattle everywhere known by the name of hollow-horn or horn-ail, and which he pronounces to be an imaginary distemper, having no foundation in fact.

My own experience, as well as that of almost every intelligent farmer, will not permit me to entertain a doubt of the existence among cattle, of an obscure and peculiar disease of the spine, of which the hollow-horn is but an accompaniment, as horniless cattle are equally the subjects of it. In most cases it appears to originate from the want of nourishing and wholesome food, and exposure to wet and cold.

The horn in its healthy state is filled with a spongy bone very vascular and full of blood, and will impart to the hand a feeling of warmth. On the contrary, when the animal has had the disease for some time, the horn feels cold, and when perforated with a gimlet, will be found as hollow as a drum. If timely relief is not afforded the animal becomes paralytic and unable to rise, and under such circumstances generally dies.

Boring the horn imparts relief in a way I will not attempt to explain. The holes should be kept open by inserting a wooden pin every day until the horn fills up. The application of spirits of turpentine and friction with a currycomb, along the course of the spine, with nourishing food, will generally effect a cure if the means are applied in time. H.

Lewistown, Aug. 9th, 1857.

WHITEWASHING FRUIT TREES.

In some agricultural works, we find the practice of whitewashing fruit trees recommended, as a preventive of disease. In many sections this practice has prevailed extensively, yet a slight examination will satisfy any one that the fruit orchards thus treated, are not in better condition than those upon which whitewash has never been used.

Analogy leads us to the inference that a clean, healthy skin is as indispensable to the health and longevity of trees and plants, as it undoubtedly is in the case of animals. The functions performed by the skin of the one and the bark of the other, are, in many respects analogous; and in the case of the latter, it is generally well known that any permanent, or even temporary obstruction of the cutaneous organs, is certain to produce disease.

Now if we apply to the bark of a young tree, a coating of any matter which will fill the pores, and thus effectually prevent the action of the atmosphere, and arrest the internal action also, such as lime or paint, for instance, we produce a morbid state of the circulating fluids, which, becoming corrupt, instead of administering to the health of the system, render it torpid and diseased.

If any person questions the truth of this assertion, we advise him to select some thrifty young tree, and try the following experiment. Take a ten inch strip of grafting cloth—cotton cloth dipped in grafting cement—and wrap it around the trunk, near the ground. Let it be securely attached, and then dirt enough placed around the tree to nearly cover the cloth. In one year—we are assured, for we have not personally tried it—that tree *will be dead!*

Or, let him mix a coat of tar and Spanish brown—or indeed, any other colored pigment, and give the body of any healthy and vigorous young tree a coating of it, in the same way that whitewash is applied, and watch the result. Now though whitewash does not so effectually exclude the air as either of the substances above named, yet it does so to a certain extent; it induces a morbid action of the cutaneous vessels, and by rendering the circulation torpid, deranges the functions of the entire system, without producing any apparent benefit whatever to the tree.

If moss or insects are to be removed, sand and soap-suds may be used, and the trees washed down with soft water; but in no case let whitewash be applied. Gas tar, which has been highly recommended as a preventive against mice, has also, in some instances, been found injurious. On this subject, Mr. Giles B. Avery, of the Shaker Society, located at New Lebanon, New York, in a letter to Hon. Thomas Ewbank, late Commissioner of Patents, says:

"Various theories have been suggested by nurserymen and orchardists for protecting young trees from the ravages of mice and rabbits. Gas tar has been recommended; but to my sorrow—I found it to be a positive injury—to such an extent, indeed, as to cause the death of many fine trees in a beautiful young orchard of ten year's growth from the bud. Doubtless, there are various qualities of this tar, but that which we were recommended to use, seared the bark to the wood, increased the action of the sun's rays to almost a burning point, and stopped up the pores of the bark, which need as much to be open to atmospheric influence as those of the skin of an animal."

While a timid course in our practice is a mistaken one, the rash experiments so often made are occasionally fatal ones. Desperate remedies should be tried—if at all—on a small scale, and their results watched with minute care.—*New England Farmer.*

SEPTEMBER.

WORK TO BE DONE.

FARM.—If grain crops be not already sown, they should be attended to early in the month. Wheat and winter rye cannot be sown too early, as the roots must have time to penetrate the soil to a sufficient depth to prevent their being thrown out during winter. Corn should now be gathered, and proper preparations made for fattening of stock for sale. Root crops require strict attention, and if planted in rows, as they should be, the cultivator may be frequently run between them this month with profit.

Potatoes should be dug as soon as their skins refuse to slide when hardly pressed upon by the thumb; this is a better guide for ascertaining when a potato is ripe than to judge by the fading of the vines. Budding may now be done with advantage. Stiff, hard lands should now be ploughed and sub-soiled, leaving the land ridged for disintegration by frost during winter. The farmer has now more time for ploughing than in the spring; his cattle are stronger, and a little work will not hurt them before fattening. Timber may be cut this month. Look to barn-yards, and see them properly arranged for saving their drainage during winter.

Light, sandy soils should not be ploughed in the fall. Select your ears of corn from thrifty stalks while standing, for next year's seed, being careful to take from such stalks only as bear more than one ear. Save your cornstalks well, as by proper treatment they make good winter fodder. Use cooked feed for hogs; and remember that weeds in the hog-pen will save time and produce better results than if left standing during winter. Large quantities of headlands, peat, &c., &c., should be placed near the stables, barnyards, &c., for full composting; and proper quantities of bone dust, salt, and other materials intended to be added to the compost should be in readiness.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Collect onion-pips intended for re-planting in early spring. Manure grounds intended for spring gardening, ploughing and subsoiling deeply. Use the manures this month long and deeply buried, or at least not merely placed beneath the surface, so that in the spring ploughing, by using the same plough, the manure will be thoroughly mixed throughout the soil, instead of merely occupying the surface, or being then all turned under, as would be the case with shallow fall manuring.

Keep the hand and horse cultivator busily at work among the turnip and other root crops.

Part the roots of all herbaceous plants for increasing their number, about October 1st, selecting cloudy or wet weather; select cucumbers for pickling, as the first frost will finish them. Weed out spinach, hoe and earth up celery on dry days, and not even while wet with dew.

Herbs should now have a thorough dressing. Look at your sash-frames and have them glazed and generally repaired in time to let the putty harden before they are wanted; have a supply of shutters, straw mats, &c. Cut down parsley, &c.

FRUIT GARDEN AND ORCHARD.—Budding may still be done, for which see Downing.—Strew lime around apple-trees. Remove caterpillars' eggs from the ends of twigs.

Manure trees that have fruited badly this year.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Prepare beds and borders for bulbous roots.

Propagate pansies by layers. Tie up chrysanthemums and tuberoses. Clear away the stems or haulm of any decayed annual or herbaceous plants. About the first of October sow the seeds of *delphinium ajacis flore plino*, or double rocket lark-spur. It will not flower well unless sown in autumn, and grown a little above ground before winter. A few branches laid lightly over them is a sufficient protection.

The following seeds may also be sown at this time: *Gilia, coreopsis, centurea, clarkia, collinsia*, &c. Be attentive in collecting all kinds of seeds, and see them properly labelled.

Pansy seed may now be sown, but should be protected by a slight frame.

Buist says: "From the first of October to the middle of November is the best period for a general planting of bulbs, corn and tubers, which, if the ground has been prepared as previously directed, will now be in readiness."—*Working Farmer.*

CAUSE OF THE WAR OF 1812.—The manner in which a pig caused the war of 1812, was as follows:—Two citizens of Providence, R. I., both of the Federal school of politics, chanced to quarrel. They were neighbors, and one of them owned a pig which had an inveterate propensity to perambulate in the garden of the other. The owner of the garden complained that his neighbor's pig-sty was insufficient to restrain the pig, and the neighbor insisted that the garden fences were not in good repair. One morning, as the pig was taking his usual ramble, he was surprised in the very act of rooting up some valuable bulbous roots; this was the "last feather," and the owner of the garden instantly put the pig to death with a pitchfork.

At the coming election, the owner of the garden was a candidate for the Legislature, and his neighbor, who, but for the quarrel, would have voted for him, voted for the Democratic candidate, who was elected by a majority of one. At the election of a United States Senator, a Democrat was chosen by a majority of one; and when the question of war with England was before the Senate, it was declared by a majority of only one.—*Historical Magazine.*

LORD BYRON AND MR. CURRAN.—When Lord Byron rose into fame, Curran constantly objected to his talking of himself, as the great drawback on his poetry. "Any subject," said he, "but that eternal one of self. I am weary of knowing once a month the state of any man's hopes or fears, rights or wrongs. I should as soon read a register of the weather, the barometer up so many inches to-day and down so many inches to-morrow. I feel skepticism all over me at the sight of agonies on paper—things that come as regular and as notorious as the full of the moon. The truth is, his lordship *weeps for the press*, and *wipes his eyes with the public.*"

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY GEO. W. DUFFIELD.

I am composed of 32 letters.
My 2, 16, 33, 25, 7, 8, is a county of Virginia.
My 32, 29, 21, 22, 30, is a county of North Carolina.
My 27, 33, 26, 20, 36, 26, is a county of Alabama.
My 1, 4, 20, 21, 32, 33, 17, is a county of Georgia.
My 36, 2, 3, 19, 26, is a county of Mississippi.
My 15, 20, 26, 14, 10, 23, is a county of Louisiana.
My 11, 20, 21, 26, 29, 13, is a county of Arkansas.
My 34, 33, 10, 9, 36, 27, 20, 33, is a county of Tennessee.
My 24, 28, 33, 33, 12, 5, 29, 30, is a county of Indiana.
My 31, 32, 23, 28, 7, 8, is a county of Ohio.
My 18, 30, 16, 20, 35, is a county of Illinois.
My 35, 29, 21, 22, is a county of Iowa.
My 6, 37, 29, 34, 36, is a county of Pennsylvania.
My 22, 23, 5, 26, is a county of North Carolina.
My total is a Virginian Institution.

TRI-LETTERED ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 1, 6, 17, is an adjective meaning strange.
My 2, 22, 18, is a vessel.
My 3, 12, 19, is a weight in avoidupois.
My 4, 13, 9, means "not within."
My 5, 18, 14, is the nauseous part of animal flesh.
My 6, 10, 19, is a loud noise.
My 7, 18, 3, is what we all do.
My 8, 18, 20, is a sack.
My 9, 10, 19, is a kind of white metal.
My 10, 22, 21, is anger.
My 11, 10, 19, is a violation of the divine law.
My 12, 18, 22, is an instrument to row with.
My 13, 11, 7, means to employ.
My 14, 2, 8, is an article used by washerwomen.
My 15, 17, 21, is a short poem.
My 16, 18, 19, is an article much used by ladies in summer.
My 17, 4, 20, is a domestic animal.
My 18, 22, 14, means skill.
My 19, 12, 6, means to bow the head.
My 20, 10, 19, is a kind of liquor.
My 21, 18, 2, is the organ of hearing.
My 22, 18, 9, is a very troublesome little animal.
My whole is a saying in which there is a good amount of truth. CANTOR.

Pittsburg, Pa.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 10, 18, 15, 19, 5, 12, 15, 9, 14, 5, was Queen of the dominions of Pluto.
My 21, 5, 18, 21, 5, 19, was a great Persian King.
My 19, 15, 12, 13, 14, was one of the wise men of Greece.
My 12, 25, 3, 21, 18, 7, 21, 19, was a Spartan Lawgiver.
My 12, 5, 16, 14, 9, 4, 5, 19, was a Grecian General.
My 18, 8, 5, 1, 19, 25, 12, 22, 1, was buried alive for violating the vows of the vestal virgins.
My 4, 5, 14, 20, 1, 20, 21, 19, was a Roman General.
My 6, 1, 2, 9, 21, 19, was a distinguished General of the Romans.
My 10, 21, 16, 9, 20, 5, 16, was a god of the ancients.
My 2, 12, 1, 3, 11, 8, 1, 23, 11, was a celebrated Indian chief.
My 7, 1, 20, 1, is a town of Palestine.
My 23, 15, 19, 17, 23, 5, is a Grecian temple.
Without my whole, this world would be a horde of barbarians. PHOENIX.

Philada.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In the summer when the weather is hot
And soil is parched and dry,
The farmer looks from out his cot,
And prays my first is nigh.

In olden times when art was low,
And trades were very few,
To war men with my second did go,
And many thousands slew.

On my whole you very often gaze,
But not without a shower,
Although its length may you amaze,
It lasts not half an hour.

Pittsburg, Pa. L. A. M.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first, I know, you often hear,
In social intercourse;
In sentences my second's found,
Employed to give them force.

My third, I trow, you often see,
For 'tis a kind of grain—
My whole's a place where many toil,
Both day and night, for gain.

Lisbon, Md. O. C. S.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Five letters, if they're placed aright,
My name will surely bring to sight;
Amidst the battle's bloody strife,
I often end the soldier's life.
Now, if you will omit my first,
You'll have a fruit that allays your thirst;
Erase another, then you'll find,
I'm an organ of a useful kind.
Omit my last, my first erase,
Then in the garden I've a place;
With what I've told, if you're inclined,
The answer you can bring to mind.

Pequea, Pa. ALPHA.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A man who had his fortune spent,
With many dollars friends had lent—
Long time in poverty had lived—
At length a legacy received.
To creditors, who long had stayed,
Ninety-four dollars then he paid.
One-half of the remaining sum
Laid by against a time to come.
Again, to show his kind intent,
One-fifth on wife and daughter spent.
One-tenth of what he first obtained,
Exclusive, in his purse remained—
Which, with his daughter he'll bestow
On him who can her dowry show.

GAHMEW

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why are bees like a commercial people? Ans.—Because they *sell* their honey.

☞ "Why did Adam bite the apple?" said a schoolmaster to a country lad. "Because he had no knife," replied the urchin.

☞ What fish may be said to be out of place? Ans.—A perch in a bird's cage; a sole at the bottom of your foot; a mussel in a lady's neck.

☞ Which five letters may form a sentence of forgiveness? Ans.—I X Q S U.

☞ Why are persons blind from birth [illegible] carpenters? Ans.—Because they never saw.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

PHILOSOPHICAL ENIGMA.—"Know then this truth (enough for man to know,)
Virtue alone is happiness below."

CHEMICAL ENIGMA.—Sir Humphrey Davy' Safety lamp. MISCELLANEOUS.—Francis Marion. RIDDLE.—A spermaceti candle. CHARADE.—Blood-stone. CHARADE.—Paris (Par-is.) ANAGRAMS.—Harrisburg, Albany, Trenton, Baltimore Montpelier, Charleston. QUESTION.—44-3 pecks

TO MAKE CURRY POWDER.—Curcuma, 1½ lb powdered ginger, 1 ounce; black pepper, 4 ounces; Cummin seeds, 4 ounces; Cardamom seeds, 4 drachms; powdered mace, 4 drachms Cayenne pepper, 1 ounce. Mix altogether very fine powder.